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THE FUGITIVE.

When she returned to the clouded
land,
She held sweet flowers in her hand;
Her eyes were bright
With a beaming light
That none could understand.

Said they: Where, sister, hast thou
been?

What hidden glory hast thou seen?
What magic sod
Has thy white foot trod;
What song-filled groves of green?

Said she: I followed across the plain
To the gates of Love, to the gates of
Pain:

By one, by two,
All the rest went through:
But I came back again . . .
Laurence Alma Tadema.

DREAMS.

Some night when all the house is still,
And all the people are asleep,
Most gently o'er the window-sill
And down the rain-pipe I shall creep;
And landing on the sodden grass,
(Not waking all the sleeping folk)
Beyond the wall and road I'll pass,
Wrapped in a long and hooded cloak.
And nothing with me shall I take,
Save a few garments soft and dark,
Then, passing by the shining lake
And through the ghostly, wind-swept
park,
I'll wrap my cloak still closer round,
And laughing at my lonely fate,
Think of the happiness I've found
In leaving all the world I hate,—
The world of talk and glare and din,
Where joy is just a labored lie,
And fools or liars all therein
Who never live before they die.
But I shall live and breathe the air,—
The air of heaven that's strong and
free,
And take myself, since they won't
share,
The things God made for them and
me.

And all the earth shall be my home,—
All the great earth, unspoiled by
man;

And 'neath the vast, star-spangled
dome

I'll live and sing whilst yet I can.
I'll seek for the unchanging good,—
The truth, the peace that never
ends,—

And find it in the silent wood
Where birds and beasts shall be my
friends.

And they will teach me all I need,—
Where herbs and berries are the best,
Where grow the roots on which to feed,
Where lie the caves in which to rest;
Where run the coolest, freshest rills,
Where blow the flowers of brightest
hue;

And where to see the distant hills
Of blue,—of blue,—of endless blue.
And I shall lie beneath the beech
That spreads beside the lonely pool,—
Below the layers of green that reach
Beyond the mere to keep it cool.
And with the earth beneath my hand,
And all around the whispering
wood,

I'll see and hear and understand
What no one yet has understood.
I'll learn the language of the years,—
The wordless tongue that cannot
lie,—
The tongue one either knows or fears,
The tongue that will not change nor
die.

And in the still, hot atmosphere,
Vibrating waves of sunny heat
Will pass and tremble o'er the mere.
With soundless sound, like hearts
that beat,—
Like human hearts that beat with
strength,
With human love and human strife,
With human hopes of little length . . .
Come back, come back, O human life!
Come back, come back and break my
peace.

The colors fade I loved so much;
The voices of the forest cease;
I need the warm, responding touch,
The life that I may not forsake—
I stretch my hands and vainly fight
To hold the dream, . . . and I
awake,

And all around me is the night.

Yolande de la Pasture.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STRIKES.

Few things are more curious than the change which recently came over England in a few weeks. The Imperial splendors and the popular rejoicings which accompanied the coronation of King George the Fifth were suddenly succeeded by scenes resembling the incidents of a foreign invasion or of civil war. Traffic almost ceased in our great cities. The transit of goods was stopped. The trains on many lines of railways ran intermittently, or not at all. The public thoroughfares were full of troops. Trade was paralyzed. The King's loyal and law-abiding subjects were impeded in the whole range of their daily activities and necessities. Famine stared men in the face, while thousands of tons of food at the docks, and at the railway stations, were inaccessible and were perishing. Raw material was not forthcoming for industries, and factories and workshops were closed. Such was the effect of the great strike, long threatened, but executed with startling rapidity. It failed, because, though causing universal anxiety, alarm, and irritation, it had not been sufficiently well organized to accomplish its authors' design. What that design was, the Home Secretary told the House of Commons on the 23rd of August in an admirable speech, from which I shall quote a few paragraphs.

England, I think it is true to say, is more than any other country in the world dependent upon railways and open ports. It is true that all parts of England are not equally dependent upon railways and ports. In the Home Counties, in the south and in the east, where agriculture has not fallen so far behind manufacture, the dependence upon railways and overseas importations is not so pronounced, but in the great manufacturing areas of England, in South Wales, on the North-east

Coast, above all in Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North Midlands, there is a complete dependence on railways and open ports for the whole means of industry and daily food. . . . It was in those very parts, where the immense populations of working people are concentrated together, who have come into existence as communities entirely by reason of the railways and overseas transport, that the pressure of a national railway strike would be, and had actually begun to be, powerfully exerted. And what a pressure! Had the strike proceeded for a week on the lines which its authors apparently intended—that is to say, had it succeeded for a week in producing an entire stoppage of trains in those parts—there must have been practically a total cessation of industry. Everyone would have been thrown out of work. Every mill, every mine, every factory must have been closed. The wages for the household would have ceased. Had the stoppage continued for a fortnight, it is, I think, almost certain that, in a great many places, to a total lack of employment would have been added absolute starvation. . . . In the great quadrilateral of industrialism from Liverpool and Manchester on the west, to Hull and Grimsby on the east, from Newcastle down to Birmingham and Coventry in the south—in that great quadrilateral, which, I suppose, must contain anything between fifteen and twenty millions of persons, intelligent, hard-working people, who have raised our industries to the forefront of the world's affairs, it is practically certain that a continuance of the railway strike would have produced a swift and certain degeneration of all the means, of all the structure, social and economic, on which the life of the people depends. If it had not been interrupted, it would have hurled the whole of that great community into an abyss of horror which no man can dare to contemplate.

The picture is not overdrawn. Mr. Churchill's words, upon this occasion, were the words of truth and soberness

—words worthy of the high office which he holds. Well, the strike *was* interrupted. The Government patched up a truce with the strikers by negotiations of which I leave history to say whether they were congruous with the dignity of a great State. But, abortive as it was, the strike cost the country—so an eminent statistician has calculated—ten millions of money. And what was it for? Ostensibly, it was for the redress of grievances about overtime, Sunday work, inadequate pay, and a multitude of other hardships, greater or less. I am far from denying that such grievances exist and ought to be remedied: but will any man, whose moral sense is not utterly blunted, say that they justified this vast conspiracy against the nation, supported—thanks to the weapon of “peaceful” picketing with which Mr. Asquith had armed the strikers—by outrageous violence, indiscriminately employed, but especially directed against fellow workmen desirous to exercise their right to work? One of the leaders of the strike has, however, candidly told us¹ that this explanation of it is quite inadequate. We learn from Mr. Thomas Mann, that what he calls “industrial solidarity” is the true key to it. And what does this mean? It means, Mr. Mann tells us, “the recognition by the workmen that any section of every industry is interdependent upon every other section, and that the growth of modern industrialism has made this absolutely necessary. Trade Unions,” he goes on to say, “are not by themselves sufficient”—sectional trade unionism, he calls it. Parliamentary action he condemns as ineffective. “A universal industrial organization” is a weapon which he thinks all-powerful. What he means by this is the co-ordination of the various battalions of labor in such a way that the entire army

¹ In a paper called “Why we want a General Strike,” which appeared in the public prints on the 17th of August.

shall be able and willing, at any moment, to support the claims of the smallest section by paralyzing the industries of the whole country. “The Rhondda Valley Miners,” he observes, “lost their battle because they struck sectionally. If the Miners’ Federation of Great Britain, with six hundred thousand members, had taken up the case of these twelve thousand men, the affair would not have lasted a week.” He adds, “the prospect for the workers is one of glorious promise. There is no real necessity for anyone in the country to be working under 2*l.* a week, not even a laborer.” And this happy consummation of a minimum wage of 2*l.* a week, he hopes to attain by a vast number of strikes, of which the one just ended—if, indeed, we may speak of it as ended—is but the forerunner.

Mr. Thomas Mann is a veteran strike-master, and knows what he is talking about. I am informed that he is a very honest man, and I think that the public may give full credence to what he says, and should be obliged to him for his frankness. This doctrine of industrial organization which he preaches is a form of what is called Syndicalism. And what is Syndicalism? The word is, of course, borrowed from the French with the omission of the final *e*. “It is generally understood,” Sir Arthur Clay writes,² “to denote the policy of the *Confédération Générale du Travail*, the object of which is the destruction by force of the existing organization, and the transfer of industrial capital from its present possessors to Syndicalists, or, in other words, to the Revolutionary Trade Unions: the means by which this object is to be secured being the General Strike. The fundamental precept of

² “Syndicalism and Labor,” by Sir Arthur Clay, Bart., p. 2. I am glad to have the opportunity of drawing attention to this important book, with which I am largely in agreement. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it was written before the recent strike.

Syndicalism is that success must be obtained by violent means." It is, Sir Arthur Clay points out, a doctrine which inculcates robbery with violence, and is regarded by some of its adherents as a religion—I suppose a sort of adaptation of Thuggism to the Western world. There can be no doubt that it has had a great deal of influence among Socialists in this country, although the number of its thorough-going adherents may not be large. Certainly this doctrine of a General Strike has been widely received: it was the mainspring of the recent disturbances, and no doubt will occupy the like place in future disturbances, which will probably be a great deal worse than the one which we have just passed through. The Trade Unionist leaders have learnt the lesson—a plain and easy lesson—that if at any moment they are able to command a simultaneous cessation of work in many trades, and over a large area, they may substitute mob law for the law of the land and terrorize the community. We may regard this as the most recent development of Socialism.*

It is curious that such should be the outcome of that old orthodox Political Economy which started in the world as a revelation of liberty. When Adam Smith wrote his *Wealth of Nations* in 1776, the law imposed many restrictions—some of them most salutary—on va-

rious industries. He advocated, successfully, their entire abolition, on the ground that labor and capital should be left free to seek their interests by what he called "the obvious and simple system of natural liberty," the result of which, he predicted, would be "general happiness." As a matter of fact, the result was the establishment of a tyranny of capital of the most atrocious kind, based upon a fictitious freedom of contract.¹ It seems not to have occurred to Adam Smith that a necessary condition of real freedom of contract is parity of condition, which could not possibly exist under the law of supply and demand, working by competition, between the replete capitalist and starving laborers, between the owner of lands, mines, manufactories, and the owners of nothing but their ten fingers, skilled or unskilled. In the extremity of their wretchedness the working men began to combine. Dr. Brentano tells us that Trade Unions originated with the non-observance of the Statutes fixing wages and apprenticeships. They were at first viewed with great disfavor, as wicked combinations for the ruin of capitalists. But gradually they found their way first into toleration, and then into recognition, and became established factors in our industrial system. By exhibiting the advantage of collective bargaining over individual bargaining with employers of

* Sir Arthur Clay writes: "In a political sense Trade Unions have now become a weapon at the disposal of the State Socialists for destroying the existing social organization. In this enterprise their object is the same as that of the Syndicalists and Anarchists, with whom, therefore, they may, to this extent, be considered to be in practical alliance." p. 100.

¹ M. Sorel, who may be considered the chief apostle of Syndicalism, regards it as Marxian Socialism adapted to existing industrial conditions. See his "Reflexions sur la Violence, passim."

² Concerning which I have written elsewhere: "I know of no more shameful page in human history than that whereon is recorded the condition of the English working classes in coal mines, woollen factories, and cotton factories during the first three decades of the nineteenth century. The vic-

tims of overwork, of under-pay, of frauds and extortions of all kinds, notably those practised through the truck system, their condition was worse than that of overburdened and overdriven horses: because those human faculties, those human needs which marked them off from the brute beasts, were utterly ignored and unprovided for. Nay, this is not the worst of it. Not only grown men and women, but little children, were offered up in sacrifice to 'Gain, the master idol of this realm.' The story revealed in Parliamentary Reports of 1842 and 1843, of general, deliberate, and systematic cruelty practised on girls and boys of tender age—cruelty horrible, incredible, unparalleled even in the history of pagan slavery," a high authority calls it—"cannot be read without sickening horror," "First Principles in Politics," p. 98.

labor, of combination over competition, they did much to vindicate the liberty of the toiler. I am by no means saying that they have not on occasions made mistakes, and culpable ones. But with every just allowance for their errors or their crimes, it remains true that they have done much to improve the condition of the English artisan: he owes to them higher wages, shorter hours of work, the removal of middlemen (out-contractors and sweaters), the abolition of many oppressive fines or penalties, the imposition of checks on the brutality of foremen, provision for support to members out of work. As the last century was drawing to its close, a great change came over Trade Unions. Many of them—and some of the most considerable—became largely imbued with the doctrines of Socialism. A vague term indeed, but as I have pointed out elsewhere, in words which I shall take leave to quote, as I do not know how to better them, its sects are all agreed upon one first principle which has been, from the beginning, its distinctive note.

I suppose for the germ of Socialism we must go back to a well-known passage in Rousseau's *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*. But its first set exponent appears to have been the Abbé Fauchet, who in the early days of the Revolution delivered orations at a club called the "Cercle Social," and edited a journal entitled *La Bouche de Fer*. He insisted "that all the world ought to live; that everybody should have something and nobody too much"; and denounced "the wretch who desires the continuance of the present infernal régime, where you may count outcasts by millions, and by dozens the upstarts (*les insolents*) who possess everything without having done anything for it." The eloquence of the Abbé, who had become a constitutional Bishop, was cut short by the guillotine in 1793. Another of these primitive Socialists was Marat, who pleaded in the *Ami du Peuple*: "Either stifle the workpeople or feed them. But how find work for

them? Find it in any way you like. How pay them? With the salary of M. Bailly." Bailly, it will be remembered, was the patriot mayor who floridly harangued poor Louis XVI. at the barrier of Passy, congratulating the wretched monarch upon being "conquered by his people," and was himself put to death three years afterwards by the same "people," with circumstances of revolting cruelty. Chaumette, too, praised by Mr. John Morley* as showing "the natural effect of abandoning belief in another life by his energetic interest in arrangements for improving the lot of man in this life," urged that though "we have destroyed the nobles and the Capets, there is another aristocracy to be overthrown—the aristocracy of the rich." The poor had the same gospel preached unto them by Tallien, who demanded "full and entire equality," and insisted that "the owners of property should be sent to the dungeons as public thieves"; by Fouché, afterwards Duke of Otranto and Police Minister to the First Napoleon, who maintained that "equality ought not to be a deceitful illusion"; that "all citizens ought to have a like right to the advantages of society"; and by Joseph Babeuf, who exchanged his Christian name for Caius Gracchus: "Pourquoi vouloir me forcer à conserver St. Joseph pour mon patron?" he explained: "je ne veux pas les vertus de ce brave homme-là." He sought to realize his doctrines by a conspiracy, and was executed for his pains by the Directory. But perhaps the most memorable of these pioneers of Socialism was Brissot de Warville, for it is to him that we owe the famous formula about property and theft: "la propriété exclusive c'est le vol," was the original text of it. For sixty years the dictum lay buried and forgotten in Brissot's not very meritorious work, *Recherches Philosophiques sur la Propriété et sur le Vol*. There Proudhon discovered it, and made it current coin in the shortened form, "La propriété c'est le vol," appropriating it, however, without acknowledgment; perhaps, M. Janet conjectures,[†] in virtue of the right alleged

* Now Viscount Morley. "Miscellanies," vol. 1, p. 78.

† "Les Origines du Socialisme Contemporain," p. 95.

by Brissot, of everybody to everything.⁸

Now this is the essential tenet of Socialism, though it is not always expressed with the same plainness. The literature of the subject is enormous. And its exponents vary in many particulars, some not unimportant. But they all, without exception, so far as my reading enables me to judge, view private property in much the same way. "Property is theft." Well, I for my part, though no Socialist, must confess that there is a very unpleasant amount of truth in the indictment. In the abstract, and considered in the light of first principles, the right to private property is an imprescriptible and inalienable prerogative of man: it is the corner-stone of civilization. But this right is subject to conditions which have been stated with equal clarity and conciseness by one whom I must account the greatest master of ethics. "The possession of riches," Aquinas writes, "is not unlawful if the order of reason be observed: that is to say, if a man possess justly what he owns, and if he use it in a proper manner, for himself and others."⁹ Now if we turn to property in the concrete, can we affirm that it invariably satisfies those two conditions? Let us confine ourselves to one of them, "justly gained." How much of existing wealth is due to dreadful deeds of cruelty and extortion in the nineteenth century,—I have touched upon them in a previous page—when the *laissez-faire* gospel of the old Orthodox Political Economy had free course, and was glorified? And to come to our own day, "how many of the large fortunes which have been amassed by mushroom financiers and promoters, during the last few decades, have been built up on foundations of trickery, deceit and fraud, by means little different from those of the race-

course thimble-rigger?"¹⁰ Or think of the money made by sweating, by underpayment, in other words by the robbery of the poor and needy, because they are poor and needy, an iniquity accounted by the Catholic Church one of the sins that cry to heaven for vengeance. I need not continue the dreary catalogue of ill-gotten gain. Assuredly, no one whose moral sense is not atrophied can deny that much of existing property is theft.

That truth, very often unduly magnified, as is natural enough, appeals strongly to the mind of the working man, and has largely colored his way of thinking about industrial problems. And the spectacle of insane luxury and profligate profusion which the rich offer for his contemplation does not tend to reconcile him to the existing social order. The result of his meditations about it is the thought that it might be changed with advantage to himself, and that he, perhaps, in his millions, has the power to change it. "Thou shalt eat the labor of thy hands," was the blessing promised to the ancient Hebrews. Do not others eat the labor of his hands, with the exception of the fragment doled out to him as wages? I find in the *Manifesto of the Socialistic League* the familiar proposition that "the workers produce all the wealth of society." This proposition is naturally acceptable to the worker. It happens, indeed, to be false. But probably there is no one at hand to tell him that both the machine and its manipulator produce value: that both the labor stored up in the machine and the labor of the artisan who works it deserve reward, which in the one case is called profits, in the other wages; and that the real economical question of the day is, what is the just rule of division of the product? But if he were told this, and believed it—he would most likely prefer

⁸ "First Principles in Politics," p. 128.

⁹ "Contra Gentes," lib. 3, 123.

¹⁰ They are the words of Sir George Lewis, and are quoted from the anniversary number of the "Financial News," 1910.

not to believe it, and belief is largely a matter of the will—what could he make of the question of distribution? It is often a question of the utmost difficulty, requiring for its solution qualifications which the vast majority of artisans do not and cannot possess. They resemble the men of the first French Revolution, who, as Mill has pungently observed, for the most part saw what was wrong, not what was right. The redress which Socialism offers them for their grievances—and let us not forget that in many cases they have very real and very grave grievances—is simple, and attractive to their untutored minds. Syndicalism appeals especially to the more vigorous and pugnacious among them by its doctrine that the capitalist is always the enemy, the oppressor, the robber: that the true solution of the social problem is the total destruction of the existing industrial organization, and the transfer of the means of production from the present possessors—the wage payers—to the wage receivers. I may here note that of the forty-one members of the committee which directed the recent strike, twenty-one are said to belong to the Socialist party, three to the Social Democratic party, and seventeen to the Independent Labor party, many of whom are reported to hold, more or less firmly, the doctrines of Syndicalism.

The outcome, then, of the Orthodox Political Economy, little as its pioneers intend it, has been to split the British people into two sections. The old charities and courtesies, which once bound together the various members of the body politic, have disappeared, and have been replaced by a state of universal war—*bellum omnium contra omnes*. And the notion of the social organism, of national solidarity, has disappeared too. Competition, working by supply and demand, arrayed capital and labor into two hostile camps. Mankind is

not a mass of unrelated human units. Man tends by the law of his nature to coalesce, to unite. Labor slowly organized itself, as has capital also; but for purposes of destruction, organized labor—what Mr. Thomas Mann calls industrial solidarity—is by far the more formidable force of the two. The true economical ideal is that of a well-ordered commonwealth of industry. Instead, we have the conflict of private interests which is bound to issue in civil war, “and that of a kind the baser, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.” It must be perfectly manifest to all men that in the recent strike, as in most others, the strikers were influenced by a spirit of indifference towards the rights and interests of the community at large: nay, that no small proportion of them, at all events, regarded the community as their natural enemy, and delighted in displaying hostility to it. The very idea of a common country, with its superior claims and paramount rights, has been effaced from their minds, and not from theirs only. Devotion to that “dear, dear land, dear for her reputation through the world,” is incompatible with the intense individualism—the basis of the old orthodox political economy—which has made industrial England what it is.

“Commonwealths,” Burke has excellently said, “are not physical but moral essences.” The *geistige Band*, as Goethe puts it, the spiritual tie which binds a nation of men into an organic whole, will not be found in competition, working by supply and demand, but in something very different—in justice. Right does not and cannot mean merely thinking of one's self, living for one's self, fighting for one's self. The outcome of that conception of right is anarchy. No: right, as the Latin word witnesses,¹¹ is the bond which knits mankind with society, and justice is

¹¹ “Jus” (*jungere*).

the true foundation of the State: *justitia fundamentum regni*. There are for nations, as for the individuals composing them, necessary conditions of existence, irreversible laws of life: and those laws, those conditions, are ethical. The art of politics, properly understood, consists in apprehending and conforming to "the moral laws of nature and of the nations."

Justitia fundamentum regni. And what is justice but as the Roman juriscult explains it, "the constant and ever-enduring will to give to each his *due*"? That is the true rule of public as of private action: not to buy human labor for a minimum competitive wage, not to give as little work as possible for a day's pay. But such is the moral degradation of the age in which we live, that the very statement of these truths raises a smile. They are put aside as copy-book maxims. And yet, I venture to say, that we must just go back to those simple principles which regard the State as an ethical organism, and man as an ethical agent. The salvation of society depends upon the recognition of the verity, long universally admitted among us,¹³ but now commonly ignored or derided, that the moral law is the supreme rule of public as of private life. Man consists in reason, and so does the State which, in Hegel's admirable phrase, is "Reason manifesting itself as Right." And it is the function of ethics, by which I mean the science of natural morality, to indicate what is right or wrong, as befitting or unbecoming the rational being man. Now, unquestionably, it is unethical to pay a worker less than a living wage, the measure of which is—as Pope Leo XIII. puts it in his Encyclical on Labor—"what is sufficient to support him in reasonable and fru-

gal comfort." It is as unquestionably unethical to plunge a whole community into the gravest distress, to bring it to the verge of irreparable disaster, in order to extort for a few hundred thousands of workers a little higher pay.

I believe then that the root of the evil which has produced such bitter fruits of late in this country, is in the obliteration of belief in the moral law—a law which assuredly exists, and as assuredly is fenced about with penalties, though they are not to be found in any Act of Parliament. There is a fine saying in the *Qu'ran*: "God does not change the condition of a people, unless they change themselves." The change which the people of this country must work out for themselves lies in real recognition of that moral law wherein is the only true guarantee of individual right, the only effectual protection for the legitimate employment of the energies of human personality. No machinery will supply its place. And that for the simple reason that man is not a machine. Plato held that faith is unseen and supersensuous realities are the true foundation of any human community. Am I told that this doctrine is out of date in an age when, as a recent thinker has observed, "le surnaturel perd, de plus en plus, sa puissance sur nos âmes"? Well, I am far from denying—how can I deny?—that the age is largely, I will not say Atheistic—that implies affirmation—but Agnostic. Still such is and ever has been the condition of Buddhists. And yet for them an unseen and supersensuous reality, the moral law, is the great and ultimate fact. Whether there be a God or gods, this moral law exists, as it has existed from everlasting, and will exist to everlasting. The deepest spiritual disease of the present day is not the negation of one or another religious creed; no: it is disbelief in goodness: in the eternal distinction between right and wrong: in conscience,

¹³ Sir Arthur Clay truly observes: "For nineteen hundred years the ideal of the Christian world has been the final triumph of moral motives over bodily appetites in the control of human conduct." p. 217.

which, in the phrase of Aquinas, is the participation of the eternal law in the rational creature; and in the supreme obligation to obey conscience as the rule of human life, individual and collective. Once recognize this, and the troubles which have recently overwhelmed society will disappear, for the root of them will be cut away. They come from enthroning cupidity in the place of conscience.

Whether anything but an overwhelming national disaster will work this change I, for one, strongly doubt. Meanwhile there are certainly some measures, obviously just and reasonable, which we could and should adopt to save the nation from the utter anarchy to which it is surely tending. Mr. Thomas Mann has frankly warned us—I quoted his words just now—that this recent strike is the forerunner of many other revolutionary labor troubles: and so Mr. Hyndman, I suppose a higher authority, writes to the *Times*, on the 25th of August, "that there is a bitter feeling of exasperation among the workers is beyond all question, and I do not think there can be much doubt that an outbreak on a much larger scale will be organized from this time forward." Thus forewarned, it is surely incumbent on the Legislature to turn, for a time, its attention from the party game, and to consider what can be done to prevent a recurrence of the recent social disorganization.

Clearly, the first step to be taken is the simple expedient of substituting for brute force properly constituted tribunals to decide the points involved in industrial disputes. The State is deeply interested in contentions affecting vitally those interests of the community of which it is the guardian: moreover, it is the helper of those who cannot help themselves: it is, as the younger Pitt said, "omnipotent to protect." I need not here dwell on the

details of the enactments for the settlement of labor quarrels, which have been passed, and found to work well in Canada, in Australia, and New Zealand. To consider such details, and to adapt them to the needs of the country, is the business of those who govern, and who receive the rewards of governing. Will it be objected by the strike makers and the trade unionists led captive by them at their will, that such legislation is an interference with individual liberty? The objection is idle. Liberty, real liberty, consists not in lawlessness, but in servitude to law: that is its essential condition. Milton has put it in majestic words: "Where complaints are freely heard, deeply considered and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for." Will it be urged, on the other hand, that the grievances of the working order of men are few and insignificant, that their complaints are exaggerated? Dives in his purple and fine linen, with his daily sumptuous fare, will be ill advised to betake himself to that refuge of lies. The grievances of the men who furnish his luxuries are very sore and cry bitterly for redress. The old principle of competition working by supply and demand still rules in many trades. Our great cities still teem with toilers, the victims of under-pay and overwork, who, in the picturesque language of an Anglican Bishop, seem not so much to have been born into the world as to have been damned into it, "Twelve millions underfed and on the verge of hunger," were Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's words, and they deserve to be remembered. And so does that pregnant dictum of Carlyle's, which indeed goes to the root of the matter: "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is as just a demand as governed men ever made of governing. It is the everlasting right of man."

But if it is the duty of Government

to vindicate that right, it is equally the duty of Government to maintain the liberty of the subject, and all that this time-honored phrase involves. It is an elementary proposition—I suppose no one will be found who will directly deny it—that every man has a right to pursue his own interests in his own way—I believe I am quoting Adam Smith—provided, of course, that the way he chooses is not unethical, or injurious to the supreme interests of the community. It is impossible to imagine anything more opposed to this right than picketing, or anything more disgraceful than the sanction given to it by the Legislature under cover of “words deceiving.” The Trade Unions Act of 1875 made it an offence on the part of anyone who, with a view to compel a person to abstain from working, “watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place,” or “who follows such other person, with two or more persons, in a disorderly manner, in or through any street or road”; a provision which surely does not go beyond what is necessary for the protection of a workman’s liberty. But it did not suit the trade unionists, whose notion of liberty is freedom to compel other workers to do, or to abstain from doing: “*Sois mon frère ou je te tue.*” So in the Trade Disputes Act of 1906 the following section was adopted in order, as was said, to legalize what was called “peaceful” picketing—as we all know, it was the price paid by the present Government for the Labor vote. “It shall be lawful for one or more persons acting on their own behalf, or on behalf of a trade union, or of an individual employer or firm, in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute, to attend at or near a house or place where a person resides or works, or carries on business, or happens to be,

if they so attend merely for the purpose of peacefully persuading any persons to work or abstain from working.” This “peaceful” picketing is a fraud and a farce—unhappily, a tragical farce. In practice it means the employment of the worst forms of intimidation and violence against poor and hungry toilers desiring to accept the employment which trade unionists decline. It is a scandalous attack upon the right to work. It is an instrument of the coarsest tyranny over the community at large. “Peaceful” picketing! The words are a contradiction in terms. Violence and crime are of the essence of picketing. It is a defiance of public order, dislocating trade, arresting industry, destroying property, subjecting law-abiding subjects of the King to brutality and terrorism, inflicting incalculable and utterly undeserved suffering upon the country, and especially upon the lower middle-class and upon the poor, its chief victims being little children. It should be made utterly illegal and sternly put down.

“Sternly.” I use that adverb advisedly. It does not do to try blandishment, or cajolery, or wheedling with a riotous mob. True is that word of the wise and gentle Spinoza: “*Terret vulgus nisi metuat.*” It is foolish—yes, and worse, it is criminal—to call out troops and to exhibit them as targets for stone-throwers. I know of no more contemptible spectacle than the drivelling of tears over insurgents shot by the military in quelling them. It is an ugly manifestation of what Carlyle well called “the sick sentimentalism which we suck in with our whole nourishment, and get ingrained in the very blood of us, in these miserable times.” What are the lives of a few—or of a few hundred—rioters in comparison with the vindication of law and the maintenance of order, in comparison, to quote again Mr. Churchill’s words, with the preservation of the community

from "an abyss of horror which no man can dare to contemplate"? I suppose the creed of the apostles of anarchy, who claim "the right to riot," is "Ni Dieu, ni maître." They must be taught that whether there be a God or not—a question for the solution of which they may wait till the next world—they certainly have a master in this—the State, which is "a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil": and what greater evil is conceivable for the community than that which the authors of the late strike desired and endeavored to bring to pass? It is worth while to recall, in this connection, the action of President Cleveland, who, in 1894, quelled the great American railway strike by putting the States of the American Union infested by it under martial law, or something equivalent; a wise, and indeed humane measure, as the event proved. Non-union men were escorted to and from their work by troops, whose instructions were to shoot to kill anyone who attempted to interfere, and a considerable number of rioters were shot accordingly. Maxim guns were also brought upon the scene, and were found to have a most pacificatory effect. In three months order was completely restored, and the industries of the country were delivered from a paralyzing terror." This is the only attempt ever made in the United States to disorganize society

"According to the Constitution of the United States, the President cannot interfere in the internal affairs of a particular State unless a federal issue be involved. President Cleveland based his interference on the fact that the federal mails were stopped. Of course, other coaches than those which carried letters were attached to the trains, and shared in the protection given to the mails.

"If we should happen to have one," I should like to call attention to the following letter addressed to the "Daily Mail" on August 24 by "An officer of the Regular Troops on duty in Liverpool City":

"Can you do anything to arouse the British public to the danger that they are in? We, the garrison sent into this city, have been here nearly a fort-

and to coerce the nation by a general railway strike. It failed because the Government knew their duty, and were not afraid to do it.

But the recent railway strike in this country brings prominently before us another question, inconvenient, no doubt, for the players of the Parliamentary game, but of the greatest importance to England. It is an anomaly—yes, and something far worse—that the great highways of the country should be left in private hands—an anomaly fraught with disastrous consequences, which the recent strike has revealed. So long ago as 1844, the late Mr. Gladstone got an Act passed providing that after the lapse of twenty-one years the State might acquire any railway to be made thereafter, upon payment of a sum equal to twenty years' purchase of the annual divisible profits, calculated upon an average of the three years preceding the purchase. After careful consideration of the achievements of that erratic politician, this seems to me the sole legislative measure initiated by him which exhibits the smallest trace of statesmanship. Perhaps that is the reason why it has remained inoperative. Nothing can be made of it for the party game. But it is monstrous that the machinery upon which the food and lives of the people depend, and upon which, in case of invasion, the operations of our army—if we should happen to have one—

night fighting and endeavoring to hold back a scum, the like of which Paris never saw in her worst days. They are not strikers, they have no regular calling or trade. They are simple hooligans, who will pillage, murder, burn, or riot with hardly any provocation.

"What is going to happen to this country in the event of our being plunged into a big European war? We may suffer temporary checks or defeats. The price of food will certainly go up. What is going to happen then to Liverpool and many other of our big cities?

"There will be no 70,000 Regular troops in England then. The police are untrained in the use of rifles, and so are special constables. They admit that batons are useless.

would largely depend, should be left in private and irresponsible ownership. The railways of a country are the nation's highways, and should belong to the nation. They should be worked by the State through a special service of a quasi-military character. Men should enlist in it, should be liberally paid, humanely treated,¹⁵ regularly promoted and well pensioned; participation of any kind in a strike should be visited with instant dismissal; and to leave the service without three months' notice should be an offence punishable with the same rigor as desertion from the Army.¹⁶ Of course, such a measure would be unpalatable to the strikemonsters, whom it would deprive of their most effective weapon. Equally of course, the railway directors in Parliament would vote against it as one man; they are persons, as a rule, of the highest integrity and honesty of purpose, but they are, very naturally, wedded to a system of which they are *pars magna*. These, however, seem hardly sufficient objections to the vindication by the State of the right of the people of England to the great roads of England, to its resumption of functions which it should never have left to private enterprise, to its control of the machinery upon which our existence depends.

Such then, as it appears to me, are the four measures which the recent strike shows to be indisputably necessary—the creation of special tribunals to settle industrial disputes, the total abolition of picketing, the stern repression of disturbances of the public peace, and the acquisition by the State of the railways. But who is sufficient for these things? Is the present Government or, indeed, is any Government

which we are likely to get under the party system? I remember the late Mr. Ruskin saying, upon one occasion, when the comparative merits of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli—as he then was—were being discussed: "Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli! I care no more for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli than I do for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam." I believe that these words exactly express the feeling about Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour entertained by the vast majority of sensible and just Englishmen. How is it possible to have a strong Government when party, not patriotism, is the guiding consideration? Sir Henry Maine put the matter well when he asked, "What can you expect from a system in which half the cleverest men in the country are taking the utmost pains to prevent the other half from governing?" I noticed with some amusement a remark of Mr. Benjamin Tillett in his Trafalgar Square oration on the 27th of August. After heaving a tributary sigh over the rioters shot in the recent disturbances, he observed (I quote from the report in the *Times*): "Had citizens been killed by order of the Tories, Lloyd George would have shed tears of blood and said prayers in Welsh; he would have out-Limehoused Limehouse. Asquith would have declared that our Constitution had been outraged." No doubt they would. He went on to declare, "There never was a Government in a greater funk than the present one." I think that is probably true. Indeed, the position of the Government, if one realizes it, might melt a heart of stone. Office is very dear to its members, or, at all events, to most of them. To retain it, they have to placate half-a-dozen jarring factions. There is the rump of the old Liberal party, who vote—such is the force of habit—at the behest of the Whip for measures which, as many of them will

¹⁵"It will be mob law and revolution. Who is going to protect our wives and families from these hordes of hoodlums when we are at the front fighting?"

¹⁶Which unquestionably many railway servants now are not.

¹⁷These suggestions apply to all public services.

in confidence tell you, they cordially detest. There is the Home Rule party, which, to quote Mr. Gladstone, from time to time admonishes the Cabinet, "Unless you do this, and unless you do that, we will turn you out to-morrow." There is the Teetotal party, which makes up in fanaticism what it lacks in numerical strength. There are the representatives of "gallant little Wales," whose gallantry, conspicuously exhibited of late in stoning, stealing, and burning, quailed before a solitary Jew with a loaded revolver. Then there is the Labor party, whose goodwill, so anxiously cultivated by Mr. Asquith and his colleagues—let us never forget that to conciliate it the Prime Minister¹⁷ drove through the Legislature the Act permitting that "peaceful" picketing which was the instrument of the worse outrages in the late strike—has been alienated by the measures, tardy and inadequate, indeed, which they were compelled, by very shame, to take for the protection of law and order; nor, as it would appear, is there any place of repentance for them,

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though they should seek it carefully with tears; though, in the elegant language of Mr. Tillett, "Lloyd George should go down to Wales and snivel, whine, and weep, and say he could not help it."

Yes: from such a Government it is vain to expect the vigorous action which I have indicated—and without which a far worse catastrophe than the one that has led me to write, will assuredly overtake us, at no very distant date. In a letter published by the *Times* on the 19th of August, Dean¹⁸ Wakefield inquired, "Are we going to settle our strike, then fold our hands afterwards, and let our legislators go back to their congenial party fights, which wear themselves out, and do little or no good to anyone?" In reply to the Dean's question we may ask another: Can we help ourselves? I know not. But this I know: that unless we can and do—and that speedily—the foreboding of a great poet and a great patriot will be too amply justified:

Babble, babble, our old England may go down in babble at last.

W. S. Lilly.

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(CONCLUDED.)

Stevenson had been all his life devoted to his father; "a very beautiful, simple, honorable, high-spirited, and childlike man," was his description of him to a friend. To the same friend he wrote—

My favorite words in literature, my favorite scene—"O let him pass," Kent and Lear—was played for me here in the first moment of my return. I believe Shakespeare saw it with his own father. I had no words; but it was shocking to see. He died on his feet,

¹⁷It really is not too much to regard Mr. Asquith as the ultimate author of the late strike with all its atrocities. It "could" not have been carried out without the "peaceful" picketing, the sanction of which was the price paid

you know; was on his feet the last day, knowing nobody—still he would be up. This was his constant wish; also that he might smoke a pipe on his last day. The funeral would have pleased him; it was the largest private funeral in man's memory here.

The loss of his father removed the chief reason for his staying in England. He was advised by doctors and friends to try a complete change of climate and scene; so, having let his house at Bournemouth, he sailed with

by him for the Labor vote. Perhaps we should rather say "an instalment of the price to be paid."

¹⁸Now Bishop-Designate of Birmingham.

his wife, his widowed mother, and his young stepson for New York, *en route* for some mountain health-resort of California.

His first letter home to his cousin "Bob" must have raised the spirits of that "simple seraph," who had always been a loving kinsman:—

I was so happy on board that ship, I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. And truly there is nothing else. I had literally forgotten what happiness was, and the full mind—full of external and physical things, not full of cares and labors and rot about a fellow's behavior. My heart literally sang; I truly care for nothing so much as that. We took so north a course that we saw Newfoundland; no one in the ship had ever seen it before.

It was beyond belief to me how she rolled; in seemingly smooth water, the bell striking, the fittings bounding out of our state-room. It is worth having lived these last years, partly because I have written some better books, which is always pleasant, but chiefly to have had the joy of this voyage. I have been made a lot of here, and it is sometimes pleasant, sometimes the reverse; but I could give it all up, and agree that—was the author of my works, for a good seventy-ton schooner and the coins to keep her on.

A letter like that, from a man who so short a while before was barely able to keep his hold on life! Even the unrelated reader rejoices, and is inclined to envy "Bob." The party did not go to Colorado after all, but halted at Saranac Lake in the Adirondacs, in a house known locally as "Baker's."

Our house—emphatically Baker's—is on a hill, and has a sight of a stream turning a corner in the valley—bless the face of running water! and sees some hills too, and the paganly prosaic

roofs of Saranac itself: the Lake it does not see, nor do I regret that; I like water (fresh water, I mean) either running swiftly among stones, or else largely qualified with whisky. As I write, the sun (which has been long a stranger) shines in at my shoulder; from the next room, the bell of Lloyd's typewriter makes an agreeable music as it patters off (at a rate which astonishes this experienced novelist) the early chapters of a humorous romance.

The noise proceeding from Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's type-writer was the first draft of "The Wrong Box," as it was finally called. This habitation at "Baker's," where it was "very primitive and unsettled and cold and healthful," seemed yet to be stimulating to the literary mind in some way, for a great deal of work was despatched there; and amongst other things the first part of "The Master of Ballantrae," a story which took fast hold of the writer. But the climate of Saranac, if healthful, called for a good deal of endurance.

It is a form of Arctic St. Andrews, I should imagine; and the miseries of forty degrees below zero, with a high wind, have to be felt to be appreciated. The grayness of the heavens here is a circumstance eminently revolting to the soul; I have near forgot the aspect of the sun—I doubt if this be news: it is certainly no news to us. My mother suffers a little from the inclemency of the place, but less on the whole than would be imagined. Among other wild schemes, we have been projecting yacht voyages.

They were begun as wild schemes, but they ended in—sober reality is too inappropriate an expression—they ended in highly variegated realization. On 28th June of 1888, the whole party sailed from San Francisco on board the schooner-yacht *Casco*, Captain Otis, for the Marquesas, and on the 28th of July dropped anchor in the harbor of the island of Nukahiva. They thought they were going on a seven months'

cruise in the South Seas. "We are going the full pitch for seven months," as R. L. S. joyfully expressed it, little thinking that the seven months would extend themselves to the length of his life.

In the following February he wrote home from Honolulu:

My extremely foolhardy venture is practically over. How foolhardy it was I don't think I realized. We had a very small schooner, and, like most yachts, over-rigged and over-sparred, and like many American yachts on a very dangerous sail plan. The waters we sailed in are, of course, entirely unlighted, and very badly charted; in the Dangerous Archipelago through which we were fools enough to go, we were perfectly in ignorance of where we were for a whole night and half the next day, and this in the midst of invisible islands and rapid and variable currents; and we were lucky when we found our whereabouts at last. We have twice had all we wanted in the way of squalls: once, as I came on deck, I found the green sea over the cockpit coamings and running down the companion like a brook to meet me; at that same moment the foresail sheet jammed and the captain had no knife.

This was the only occasion on the cruise that ever I set a hand to a rope, but I worked like a Trojan, judging the possibility of hæmorrhage better than the certainty of drowning. Another time I saw a rather singular thing: our whole ship's company as pale as paper from the captain to the cook; we had a black squall astern on the port side and a white squall ahead to starboard; the complication passed off innocuous, the black squall only fetching us with its tail, and the white one slewing off somewhere else. Twice we were a long while (days) in the close vicinity of hurricane weather, but again luck prevailed, and we saw none of it. These are dangers incident to these seas and small craft. What was an amazement, and at the same time a powerful stroke of luck, both our masts were rotten, and we found it out—I was going to say in time, but it was stranger and luckier than that. The head of the

mainmast hung over so that hands were afraid to go to the helm; and less than three weeks before—I am not sure it was more than a fortnight—we had been nearly twelve hours beating off the lee shore of Elmeo (or Moorea, next island to Tahiti) in half a gale of wind with a violent head sea: she would neither tack nor wear once, and had to be boxed off with the mainsail—you can imagine what an ungodly show of kites we carried—and yet the mast stood. The very day after that, in the southern bight of Tahiti, we had a near squeak, the wind suddenly coming calm; the reefs were close in with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, "Isn't that nice? we shall soon be ashore!" Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity.

Our voyage up here was most disastrous—calms, squalls, headsea, water-spouts of rain, hurricane weather all about, and we in the midst of the hurricane season, when even the hopeful builder and owner of the yacht had pronounced these seas unfit for her. We ran out of food, and were quite given up for lost in Honolulu: people had ceased to speak to Belle about the *Casco*, as a deadly subject.

But the perils of the deep were part of the programme; and though I am very glad to be done with them for a while and comfortably ashore, where a squall does not matter a snuff to any one, I feel pretty sure I shall want to get to sea again ere long.

At the time this letter was written, his prospects were in "a fine state of haze": for when the yacht was paid off he had no money left, and no word of any coming. But he waited in high content, and his faith was justified.

Honolulu proved too cold for Stevenson, but the south isles were what he called "a heaven upon earth."

. . . By the time I am done with this course I shall have the material for a very singular book of travels;

names of strange stories and characters, cannibals, pirates, ancient legends, old Polynesian poetry,—never was so generous a farrago. I am going down now to get the story of a ship-wrecked family, who were fifteen months on an island with a murderer: there is a specimen. The Pacific is a strange place; the nineteenth century only exists there in spots; all round, it is a no man's land of the ages, a stir-about of epochs and races, barbarisms and civilizations, virtues and crimes. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney stacks and telegraph wires.

The book was written, and was called "In the South Seas." The voyage he looked forward to with such delight lasted for six months, but there were two intervals of about six weeks each spent on shore. The first of these is described in a letter from Equator Town, Apemama:—

We have been about a month ashore, camping out in a kind of town the king set up for us: on the idea that I was really a "big chief" in England. He dines with us sometimes, and sends up a cook for a share of our meals when he does not come himself. This sounds like high living! alas, undeceive yourself. Salt junk is the mainstay; a low island, except for cocoanuts, is just the same as a ship at sea: brackish water, no supplies, and very little shelter. The king is a great character—a thorough tyrant, very much of a gentleman, a poet, a musician, a historian, or perhaps rather a genealogist—it is strange to see him lying in his house among a lot of wives (nominal wives) writing the History of Apemama in an account book; his description of one of his own songs, which he sang to me himself, as "about sweet-hearts, and trees, and the sea—and no true, all-the-same lie," seems about as compendious a definition of lyric poetry as a man could ask.

Samoa, when he first saw the islands, appeared to Stevenson far less beautiful than the Marquesas or Tahiti; he was not specially attracted by the people, except for their courtesy. Yet the

island grew upon his fancy so quickly that in less than a month from his first sight of the harbor of Apia, he decided to make his home in Samoa. On January 20th, 1890, he wrote to a friend in Bournemouth—

I am now the owner of an estate upon Upolu, some two or three miles behind and above Apia; three streams, two waterfalls, a great cliff, an ancient native fort, a view of the sea and lowlands, or (to be more precise) several views of them in various directions, are now mine. It would be affectation to omit a good many head of cattle; above all as it required much diplomacy to have them thrown in, for the gentleman who sold to me was staunch. Besides all this, there is a great deal more forest than I have any need for; or to be plain the whole estate is one impassable jungle, which must be cut down and through at considerable expense. Then the house has to be built; and then (as a climax) we may have to stand a siege in it in the next native war.

Probably few of his friends understood at first that this serious step, which involved a separation from practically all that in his previous life he had held dear, was not a mere surrender to that fascination of the South Seas which he frankly acknowledged. It was rather an effort of self-preservation, at which no one should wonder who knew what a death-in-life he had suffered and barely survived during his last years in England. To one who had known him a bed-ridden consumptive in Bournemouth, he wrote—

I have now been some twenty months in the South Seas, and am (up to date) a person whom you would scarce know. I think nothing of long walks and rides: I was four hours and a half gone the other day, partly riding, partly climbing up a steep ravine. I have stood a six months' voyage on a copra schooner with about three months ashore on coral atolls, which means (except for cocoanuts to drink) no change whatever from ship's food. My wife suffered badly—it was too rough a busi-

ness altogether—Lloyd suffered—and, in short, I was the only member of the party who "kept my end up."

To say that he never repented his choice of a home is to put his intense satisfaction in the new life very mildly indeed. An early letter from the spot afterwards named "Vallima," or the "Five Rivers," says—

This is a hard and interesting and beautiful life that we lead now. Our place is in a deep cleft of Vaea Mountain, some six hundred feet above the sea, embowered in forest which is our strangling enemy, and which we combat with axes and dollars. I went crazy over outdoor work, and had at last to confine myself to the house, or literature must have gone by the board. *Nothing* is so interesting as weeding, clearing, and path-making; the oversight of laborers becomes a disease; it is quite an effort not to drop into a farmer; and it does make you feel so well. To come down covered with mud and drenched with sweat and rain after some hours in the bush, change, rub down, and take a chair in the veranda, is to taste a quiet conscience. And the strange thing that I mark is this: if I go out and make sixpence, bossing my laborers and plying the cutlass or the spade, idiot conscience applauds me; if I sit in the house and make twenty pounds, idiot conscience walls over my neglect and the day wasted.

The fascination of literature as a pursuit is more generally believed in than the fascination of weeding and clearing; but there are people who have tried both, and ended in dividing their allegiance after the example of Stevenson. He had another absorbing occupation during the four years of his life on the island, for "after some half-year's residence he began to realize that the arrangements made for the government of Samoa by treaty between the three Powers, England, Germany, and America, were not working nor promising to work well. Stevenson was no abstracted student or

dreamer; the human interests and human duties lying immediately about him were ever the first in his eyes; and he found himself drawn deeply into the complications of local politics, as so active a spirit could not fail to be drawn, however little taste he might have for the work." He suffered a great deal of annoyance, while he gave rather more than he suffered to some of those officials who caused him to remark—

I used to think meanly of the plumber; but how he shines beside the politician!

Naturally his letters reflected his preoccupation with those native affairs which seemed to him quite as human and interesting as European politics, but did not seem so to his correspondents—who were inclined to regard the fate of distant islanders in brown skins with an indifference they would have been ashamed to confess if the skins in question had been nearer, and white. Now, Stevenson was one of the few people to whom a brown man could really be a brother; his love was without pity or patronage; he admired and delighted in the Polynesian. His homage to the King of Apemama was not affected, his friendship for the exiled Chief Mataafa of Samoa was an equal friendship, without condescension. When the Chief Ori-A-Ori adopted him as a brother, exchanging names with him after the native fashion, Stevenson took it as the most natural thing in the world, and indeed Ori-A-Ori's behavior to the whole family a little later was that of a model brother. His letter from Tautira, which followed them to Honolulu, telling his grief at their departure, moved Stevenson to tears;—and who could wonder?

But they did wonder, and do still—since to the majority of people a difference of color precludes sentiments of the brotherly. It is not in any case a subject for argument. But setting

apart the question of color, no one can doubt that Stevenson's active interference in the politics of Samoa was entirely conscientious, and arose from no love of meddling, or desire for political influence. It does not require an extra-sensitive conscience to be shocked when the officials of a "civilized government" propose to put dynamite under the jail, to enable them, in case of an attempted rescue of the prisoners, to blow up prison and all. The credit of this device belongs to a "very nice young beardless Swede," who was commandant of the forces under an approving German President. It is all bygone history now, and only needs to be recalled for the same reason that the "famous" Open Letter to Dr. Hyde does.

That letter was afterwards repented of by Stevenson, not for its substance—he never repented having defended Father Damien—but for its manner, and for the reason that he had not known when writing it that Dr. Hyde's letter (which fully deserved his reprobation) was *not* intended for publication. This regret of his having been so clearly expressed in his letter to Mrs. Fairchild, one can but wonder at the strange indiscretion, to give it no harder name, of allowing the Open Letter to be republished in the posthumous volume, "Lay Morals," without any intimation of Stevenson's regret, or any reference to the fact that Dr. Hyde's fault was much less black than the Open Letter described it. There is a want both of candor and of charity here which Stevenson himself would have been the first to deplore. One can imagine the little self-directed sarcasm on his lips, and how he would have compared himself with Jaques, doing

Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin,—

in the words of the Duke's warning. It is only another instance of rash an-

ger having helped to spread a scandal rather than suppressed the scandal-monger. For who would now remember the wretched Hyde and his libel if Stevenson had not advertised both? And yet—how natural was that hot reply!

For he had been in Molokai, while Father Damien yet lived there, befriending the lepers. He had seen all there was to see; and to him the "moral beauty of the place" triumphed over the physical horrors, even while under his eyes.

He wrote three South Sea stories, the "Beach of Falesá" alone, and two others in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, his stepson. They were—"The Wrecker," a "black, blackguard, violent yarn, with some plain turns of human nature," as he calls it,—and "The Ebb-Tide." The new house was finished before "The Beach of Falesá."

We are in our house after a fashion; without furniture, 'tis true, camping there, like the family after a sale. But the bailiff has not yet appeared; he will probably come after. The place is beautiful beyond dreams; some fifty miles of the Pacific spread in front; deep woods all round; a mountain making in the sky a profile of huge trees upon our left; about us, the little island of our clearing, studded with brave old gentlemen (or ladies, or "the twa o' them") whom we have spared. It is a good place to be in; night and morning, we have Theodore Rousseau's (always a new one) hung to amuse us on the walls of the world; and the moon—this is our good season, we have a moon just now—makes the night a piece of heaven. It amazes me how people can live on in the dirty north.

This beautiful house was his home while he lived. Here he wrote, rode abroad, worked, and weeded, suffered, but enjoyed more, and thought upon his friends. He was not an exile in his own conception. For some time he intended to revisit Europe in the summer, and he always hoped his

friends would come and see his beautiful home. None ever came, of those he longed for; and he never saw Europe again. He wrote delightful letters of unflinching sympathy to his old literary comrades about their work; for he had an almost unstinted admiration for contemporaries like George Meredith, Henry James, and Edmund Gosse, only exceeded by his enthusiastic homage to the great Frenchmen, M. Flaubert and M. Paul Bourget. For M. Zola's work he had a hearty dislike. But the "*Sensations d'Italie*" of M. Bourget threw him into an ecstasy of pleasure.

On subjects quite unconnected with literature he sometimes spoke words of sound and keen-witted advice. To a young person afflicted with discontent he wrote:—

I gather that your home is depressing. Every one's home is depressing, I believe. It is your difficult duty to make it less so.

A lady, who had been a close friend for many years, told him that she had decided what her future work should be. He replied:—

So at last, you are going into mission work? where I think your heart always was. You will like it in a way, but remember it is dreary long. Do you know the story of the American tramp who was offered meals and a day's wage to chop with the back of an axe on a fallen trunk? "Damned if I can go on chopping when I can't see the chips fly!" You will never see the chips fly in mission work, never! and be sure you know it beforehand. The work is one long dull disappointment, varied by acute revulsions.

He was genuinely interested in mission work. Mr. Clarke, a missionary in Samoa, was one of his intimate friends, and there was no one in the world, except indeed Charles Gordon, whom he admired more than the gallant worker, J. Chalmers.

I wish you would get "*Pioneering in New Guinea*," by J. Chalmers. It is a missionary book, and has less pretensions to be literature than Spurgeon's sermons. Yet I think, even through that, you will see some of the traits of the hero that wrote it; a man that took me fairly by storm for the most attractive, simple, brave, and interesting man in the whole Pacific. He is away now to go up the Fly River; a desperate venture, it is thought; he is quite a Livingstone card.

A spectator of life himself, rather than an actor, by necessity, and not choice, he had a brave man's love for all brave deeds; and at times,—very rare times,—he compared enviously the lot of the active doers with his own.

I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpeting and the open air over my head.

Certainly from "the place of trumpeting" many a brave doer would have given the palm of bravery to Stevenson for having hoed a harder row than his own. But he made no large claims for himself, either for his life or literature; though he was equally far from mock-modesty, and sometimes his own sound critical instinct was satisfied with portions of his work. It was then that his heart sang in his breast. For his work was really the dearest thing to him in life, as it is to most men, and those the manliest.

He took his own measure accurately enough, for he was one of the self-conscious self-interested artists, quite after the pattern of his adored Montaigne. A great deal too much has been said about his self-consciousness,—a quality for which a writer is no more responsible, of course, than for the color of his hair. Perhaps it made him a better artist, perhaps it did not. There is no doubt that un-selfconscious-

ness, whether in man or writer, gives a certain impression of strength, of genuineness and charm, possibly quite fallacious, but inevitable. Thackeray will occur to every one as a type of the great self-conscious artist, and Sir Walter Scott of the great unself-conscious. Before him, the mighty Magician, Stevenson bowed his head, and worshipped in the sincerity of his far-differing soul. The homage of a Scotsman and a writer to his great compatriot and master has something almost sacred in it. How poor would all the world feel if it could suddenly be plundered of Scott!—but what would the general sense of destitution amount to compared with the feeling of all-but-ruin in Scotland!—

The most I can hope is to get out of it with a modicum of grace and energy, but for sure without the strong impression, the full, dark brush. Three people have had it, the real creator's brush: Scott, see much of "The Antiquary" and "The Heart of Midlothian" (especially all round the trial, before, during, and after)—Balzac—and Thackeray in "Vanity Fair." Everybody else either paints *this*, or has to stop to paint, or paints excitedly, so that you see the author skipping before his canvas.

Other writers he admired heartily enough, but for Scott his feeling was feudal, a clansman's for his chief; and with just that touch of proud half-familiar fault-finding at times. "They have all Scott's defects and all Scott's hopeless merit," he complained of the "Tales of a Grandfather." He would have laughed and deprecated if any one had compared him with Scott; and yet in his heart he sometimes compared himself, or at least compared his David Balfour, who was a sort of son of his right hand. In the same loyal spirit he would call his house "Subpriorsford," with a half jest that was whole earnest. And while we think of this we should remember that when he left his last story, "Weir of Hermis-

ton," unfinished at his death, he was younger than Scott was when he wrote "Waverley." This is not to imply that we would institute the comparison ourselves; only that we find a kind of pathos in its impossibility and in the shortness of the younger man's brilliant day of life. For all the thought he took he could not add a cubit to his stature, he could not attain to the calm, healthy breadth and leisure of Scott's outlook on the world, to the blue of his sky, to the romance of the breezes that blew for him over the low green grass.

To Stevenson life was a struggle, in the physical sense. Without great courage he might have gone under, at any time. His was the unconquerable hopefulness, the energy, the restlessness of the consumptive. When his writing is strongest, it seems to have the nervous force of excitement, not the strength of health and repose. His marvellous quickness of eye occasionally reminds one of the bright glance of a patient in fever.

People have sometimes said that they could not read Stevenson, and have generally given his "self-consciousness" or his "preconsciousness" as the reason. It is just as likely that he has irritated their nervous system, as a highly strung person is liable to do; and when that happens, all the gifts and graces of literature will unite in vain to weave a spell. They are generally women who dislike to read him, even when they admire his character. He had one or two faults particularly trying to a woman. Though reverent at heart he was too often irreverent of speech. He was lacking in certain perceptions, and his inhuman cleverness only served to accentuate the lack. Apparently innocent of intentional offence, he could contrive to be offensive, and that in a way which dignity would not deign to notice; but those who have observed this particular line of conduct may

have remarked exactly what quality of distaste it arouses.

And it is not women only who find in Stevenson some thin and excruciating cruelties of imagination which do no credit either to the artist or the man. They are repulsive, and should have been resisted as temptations of a sick brain. Such pictures would never present themselves to a normal and healthy-minded man. It may seem harsh to blame a writer for the results of his own suffering health; "*mais cela rentre dans les procédés du bon Dieu.*"

When a man understands his own limitations, and deplores them, his clear-sightedness means a distinct loss of power, as the following letter shows:—

And then the problem that Pinkerton laid down: why the artist can do *nothing else?* is one that continually exercises myself. He cannot: granted. But Scott could. And Montaigne. And Julius Cæsar. And many more. And why can't R. L. S.? Does it not amaze you? It does me. I think of the Renaissance fellows, and their all-round human sufficiency, and compare it with the ineffable smallness of the field in which we labor and in which we do so little. I think David Balfour a nice little book, and very artistic, and just the thing to occupy the leisure of a busy man; but for the top flower of a man's life it seems to me inadequate. Small is the word; it is a small age, and I am of it.

"David Balfour" is, of course, the story afterwards called "*Catriona*," which he considered his high-water mark. "I shall never do a better book than '*Catriona*,'" he observed. But he might have done so, if he had thought less about it.

As the time went by, there came to him what comes to all Scots, a deep longing for his own country. In his case it was more pathetic than in most, because it was a hopeless longing. He knew that to return to a northern climate was to court sentence of death,

and he meant to stay where he was, and work to the end to provide a maintenance for his family. But though he stayed, his heart returned. The tropical beauty and richness that lay under his eyes ceased to delight him. "I am used to it; I do not notice it; rather prefer my gray, freezing recollections of Scotland," he said. Edinburgh, his noble native city, swam before his eyes, in pictures; its castle, steep against the sky, the waters of the Firth, the blue lines of the Pentland Hills, the lights of the Lothian Road at night; he yearned to them, and to the memories of "*ces beaux jours, quand j'étais si malheureux.*"

He was accustomed to write at intervals to Alison Cunningham, his nurse, to whom the charming "*Child's Garden of Verses*" was dedicated. Of her he once made this request:—

Some day climb as high as Halkerside for me (I am never likely to do it for myself), and sprinkle some of the well water on the turf. I am afraid it is a pagan rite, but quite harmless, and *Ye can saim it wi' a bit prayer*. Tell the Peevies that I mind their forbears well. My heart is sometimes heavy and sometimes glad to mind it all. But for what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful. Don't forget to sprinkle the water, and do it in my name. I feel a childish eagerness in this.

If any one can read this with a heart unmoved, he must possess an organ of extraordinary hardness. Only an exile knows what his country means to him.

And so, as might have been expected, his last stories were not of the South Seas, but of Scotland. "*On revient toujours à ses premiers amours*;" and he came back even to the "Covenanting books" which he had read consistently in childhood and youth, the works of Wodrow, Walker, and Shields, which he delighted in. The son of Covenanting forebears himself,—a dutiful, cour-

ageous, self-subduing son,—it was not their style and language only that spoke to him. Their spirit was his. He did not know it in his youth as well as he came to know it in that far country he wandered to.

After all, what I wish to fight is the best fought by a rather cheerless presentation of the truth. The world must return some day to the word duty, and be done with the word reward. There are no rewards, and plenty duties. And the sooner a man sees that and acts upon it like a gentleman or a fine old barbarian, the better for himself.

It was well there was stern stuff in him, for he had hard troubles to face, of which the world knew nothing.

You will see that I am not in a good humor; and I am not. It is not because of your letter, but because of the complicated miseries that surround me and that I choose to say nothing of. . . . Life is not all Beer and Skittles. The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my share in the mis-steps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, stern, unhappy

Blackwood's Magazine.

devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is. . . .

Well, *il faut cultiver son jardin*. That last expression of poor, unhappy human wisdom I take to my heart—and go to *St. Ives*.

In one thing he *never* failed, in kindness. His faithful kindness to the Samoan chiefs, his friends, who were imprisoned for their share in a war that others by their misconduct had made, was very singularly returned, and in a beautiful spirit. As soon as they were released from prison, they came in a body and made a road for him, called "The Road of Loving Hearts," to join his house with the main road. As road-making in Samoa was a thing to which natives "could not be wiled with money nor driven by punishment," and as these were *chiefs* who worked at his road, Stevenson was touched to the heart.

It was his last great pleasure. "It does give me a sense of having done something in Samoa after all," he said. In December of the same year, 1894, he died, and was buried on the top of the mountain overlooking his home, carried there by the strong-armed Samoans, who loved "Tusitala."

Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

Moirra O'Neill.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A week or two passed and Mrs. Byrne was delighted with her boarder. He was a pleasant young man and had been admirably brought up. His stock of underclothing rejoiced her because there was so much of it, all the best quality and embroidered with his monogram. Each pair of boots arrived in an embroidered shoe-bag.

"When I started on our wedding journey with your father I found that he had wrapped his boots in newspaper," she said to Helga. "It made me feel that I had married a foreigner."

"Your mother feels more at home with this boy than she does with you and me," Mr. Byrne said to Helga, and in one sense he spoke the truth. The freemasonry of race, parentage, and

education united the two Germans, though sex, age, and circumstance should have parted them. At the end of a week Mrs. Byrne called the young man Conrad, and ordered the family meals with a view to his digestion. His manner to her was charming, Mr. Byrne had to own. He was a little gentleman, and by tradition less embarrassed than an Englishman would have been when he saw the lady who read Shakespeare with him at night bring up the breakfast she had cooked in the morning. He said one of his aunts had married an "extraordinary" Professor who was extremely poor, and that she took in students and did most of the work of their flat.

"If he is extraordinary why is he poor?" asked Helga, and repented the same moment, for they sat at breakfast, and nothing but the necessity of catching his train could stem the tide of Conrad's information about the differences in German Universities between ordinary professors who had chairs and salaries and the poor extraordinary ones who had not.

"Something of the kind exists in England," he said, and explained it fully to her.

That was the worst of him, Mr. Byrne and Helga whispered to each other. He was too strenuous, too determined to improve himself and everyone else. In England when people are made like that you know them for prigs and avoid them; or, if your tastes lead you that way, you sit at their feet and adore them. But Conrad was too simple and unassuming for a prig. He wanted to know everything and at all times, and he took for granted that his companions shared in his thirst for wisdom. Mrs. Byrne did share in it, and his busy mind never wearied or surprised her. She answered his questions at great length, took up his arguments with obliging heat, and listened to his information with unfail-

ing interest. Before he came, breakfast, for instance, had been a silent meal. Mr. Byrne read his *Daily Mail* and the ladies ate bread and butter. A thrilling discussion of Calvinism from the Lutheran point of view, would have seemed as indigestible mentally at this time of day as sirloin of beef gastronomically. But Conrad came down every morning like an encyclopedia, ready for anything that turned up. Helga's ignorance often pained him. She admitted one day that she did not know the statues of London. He knew them all when he had been in England a fortnight, and had a poor opinion of them as compared with the statues of Berlin. He bored Helga to extinction by showing her pictures of Berlin in printed albums, and dilating on the grandeurs and glories of the imperial city, so one day she thought she would revenge herself and bore him. She dug out an early Victorian album of London that had poor prints of the Crystal Palace and other "places of interest" in the fifties and sixties. But her malice punished itself. Instead of being bored he rose to the opportunity; first by explaining why and how his German albums were superior to her English ones and then by carefully and patiently discovering all the points of difference between London fifty years ago and London now. She knew she ought to take an intelligent interest in old streets and buildings that had disappeared and new ones that had sprung up. Her failure to do so almost persuaded her that she must lack intelligence as compared with him; and he seemed to think her lukewarmness rather disappointing. He did not spend his evenings by himself in his sitting-room as had been intended. A week of hot July weather drove the family into the little garden after dinner and Conrad joined them there as a matter of course. On Saturday afternoons and on Sundays he made it a rule to visit

one of the Museums, palaces, or parks of London; and when it came to the turn of Hampton Court he proposed that Mrs. Byrne and Helga should go with him. To the surprise of her family Mrs. Byrne consented.

"When Dad and I want you to go you have no time," said Helga, reproachfully.

Mrs. Byrne smiled and did not defend herself. She found an old guide book to the Palace, and spent a profitable evening over it with Conrad learning the plan of the place, the subjects of the tapestries and the scandalous biographies of the ladies whose portraits are there. Primed with information, they set out on Saturday afternoon accompanied by Helga, who said, however, that she meant to spend all her time in the garden.

"But if you do that you will come home no wiser than you went," said Conrad.

"Isn't it wise to enjoy yourself?" said Helga.

There were two Conrads in one body as Helga knew by this time. One had served his year in the army, held himself as stiff as a poker, bowed as if he had a hinge in his back, talked clipped nasal German and when he sat down pulled up the knees of his trousers before he let himself drop on a chair. This Conrad was cynical and an ardent patriot. He put his faith in airships, thought everything in England slack and could not account for his country's delay in seizing a wealthy and, by their own showing, a defenceless land.

"One army corps would be enough," he often observed, "I have often conducted the whole operation with my uncle the Major. It is as simple as flying."

The other Conrad had a digestion, missed his mother, received large packets of cakes and embroideries on his birthday, sang beautiful German songs

about May and nightingales, and read passages from "*Die Versunkene Glocke*" to Helga when she would listen to him. It was this Conrad who set out with them one fine afternoon for Hampton Court. They went by train, and meant, if Mrs. Byrne was not too tired, to walk back by the river. When they got there a large steamboat had just disgorged a rough-looking crowd that was spreading over the gardens in a noisy rabble. Some were being hunted off the grass by irate keepers and some were staring into private ground-floor rooms making loud comments on all they saw there.

"They don't look as if they would defend their own back doors," said Conrad, scrutinizing them.

"They would, if they were shown how," said Helga. "No, I'm not coming into the Palace with you. I'm going to stand in front of the herbaceous border. That's what you should look at, Herr Hille. That's a thing we do well."

"We also are gardeners," said Conrad, solemnly, and expressed a wish to see the Great Vine. He said that he understood grape culture, because his uncle the Major lived near Coblenz and possessed a vineyard and had taught him the whole process. So they agreed to meet near the vine in an hour's time.

Helga was glad to be left to herself. Conrad was an amiable creature, but tiring. She wanted to look at the flowers and think. Yesterday she had paid the call on Mrs. Warwick due after the dance, and had seen by daylight some of the places consecrated by memory. Other people had been there, and Helga had not stayed long. But the short visit had revived, and in some ways added to, her impressions of the house and garden that were the setting of her dreams. She knew now what they looked like by daylight. Besides, Miss Stair had been there and

she had spoken of Clive with a possessive and affectionate air that hurt Helga absurdly. He had been away, she said, away in Cornwall, sea-fishing; but now he was back again. He was going to Gromwell with his people and then coming to Scotland, she hoped, for more fishing. She sat close to Helga, but managed, without obvious rudeness, to turn her shoulder towards the girl and edge her a little more than she need have done out of the conversation. Helga felt extinguished by the young lady's modish summer gown, by her hat, by the waves of her flaxen hair, by all the expensive accessories of her appearance and by the clear languid drawl in which she made her witty observations. At least Helga supposed they were witty. She was not much used to the mixture of slang, exaggeration, personal chaff and personal allusion that counts for wit where it amuses. She went home in one of those dejected moods that are not philosophical, virtuous, or strong, which have nothing to be said for them and which never afflict the praiseworthy.

"At last!" said a voice just behind her. She turned and saw Clive Ashley.

Helga had not understood till the moment came how overwhelming it would be. She had pictured it a thousand times, but the picture had never showed her the storm of feeling that held her dumb and spellbound now. It was absurd; and yet she could not resist it. When she tried to speak she could not, and then she turned crimson with shame and rigid with anxiety not to let him understand. They stood together in front of the flowers, and Clive looked at her and wondered what had happened.

"Do speak to me," he murmured under his breath. "I am so glad to see you again."

She raised her eyes, those charming

dark-blue eyes he had been comparing to gentians and sapphires and water stilled at even ever since he had seen them; and she smiled. No other girl in the world had ever smiled so sweetly.

"You're not angry, then?" he pleaded.

"Angry?"

"Because I'm speaking to you."

"I believe I ought to be."

"Oh no. You ought to be as delighted to see me as I am to find you here."

She smiled again and decided that she liked him just as much in tweeds and a straw hat as in evening dress. He was a great deal taller and broader than Herr Hille, and instead of making her a ceremonious bow with his heels together he had grabbed at his straw hat and remained bolt upright. This style of greeting she decided was more manly than the other, though she did not know why.

"Come and sit down," he said. "Are you here alone?"

"No. My mother and Herr Hille are looking at the pictures."

She had found her voice now and her self-possession, and she walked beside him to the stream at the back of the gardens where they found a quiet corner and a seat.

"But ought we to talk to each other?" she debated. "Our fathers would not wish it."

"I know," said Clive. "It's for their sakes I've not come or written all this time; but when I saw you to-day I knew it was no use."

"But, after all," said Helga, "we can quite well—not see each other."

"I told myself so, and I went away fishing."

"Sea fishing to Cornwall, I know."

"Who told you?"

"I was at Mrs. Warwick's yesterday, and I heard Miss Stair say so."

"Did you see the conservatory

again? Did you catch a goldfish?"
"I sat in the drawing-room and felt very unhappy."

"So should I if I had been there, without you. Everything would have reminded me."

"I didn't mean that exactly."

"Inexactly, then——"

"When are you going to Scotland?"

"I'm not going at all. I say. . . ."

"What do you say?"

"You're better posted in my movements than I am in yours."

"Miss Stair said that she was going to Scotland later on with some friends, and that you had been asked."

"The Hilles. They did ask me and I refused," said Clive.

The vague depression that had clouded Helga's spirit had nearly melted away by this time, but her conscience still had a little load on it.

"My mother says that you and I can never be friends," she said.

"All right," said Clive.

"But then——"

"Mrs. Byrne means that we can't ask each other to dinner because, ten years ago, our fathers had a row."

"Is that your idea of friendship, asking people to dinner? It isn't mine."

"What is your idea, of love and friendship?"

The pretty color came and went in Helga's face as she thought over her answer, and various personages of romance and poetry came into her mind in illustration of her ideals: but as she thought she became more conscious of Clive's rapt attention and of the application he might make of anything she said, so in the end her answer was a lame one and incomplete.

"Palamon and Arcite were friends," she said, "so were David Balfour and Allen Breck. Friends must trust each other and help each other and be together when they can."

"All that might easily apply to you and me," said Clive. "I cannot ad-

mit that we are bound by a business quarrel two elderly gentlemen had half your life-time ago. We were both children at the time. It isn't our quarrel. On the contrary. Fate points out that we should make peace between our families."

"You evidently don't know what a serious quarrel it is," said Helga.

"I know very little about it, do you?"

"I know we ought not to be sitting here together or speaking to each other. It must be the last time. If ever we meet again, Mr. Ashley, please forget that we know each other."

"Do you say that from a sense of duty or because you can't stand the sight of me?"

She was sweeter and prettier by day than she had been by night, he thought. Her face gained in youth and freshness, her eyes were a deeper blue than he had remembered, and in her firm little chin there was an enchanting dimple that came whenever she laughed. It came now.

"You ask such impossible questions," she said.

"And you've answered," he said.

"You've done your duty and more, and now we can start fair. When shall I see you again?"

"Probably never," said Helga.

"But we don't live in the Middle Ages. Why should this quarrel between our fathers separate us?"

"I'm afraid that it will."

"You don't want it to," he cried, seizing at her inadvertent admission; and his eager tone made the color come and go in her face again.

"I shall think things over," he went on, "and one of these days I shall write to you."

"You mustn't do that," said Helga, with alarm. "I never get a letter, except on my birthday, from Tante Malchen. They would see it and ask about it."

"You never get a letter?"

"Never! You don't know. You don't understand. In some ways we live as if we were on a desert island, knowing no one, seeing no one."

"But why do you do it?"

There was a little breathless pause before Helga spoke, and it explained or suggested more to Clive than her evasive words did when they came

"It has happened so," she said.

"When is your birthday?" he asked.

"Next Thursday I shall be nineteen."

Some holiday makers came along the path just then and for the moment disturbed their sense of seclusion.

"I must go," said Helga, getting up; "my mother and Herr Hille will be expecting me."

"Who is Herr Hille?"

"A German. He lives with us. He is what Americans call a boarder. I call him our lodger."

"Is he old or young?"

"He is twenty-three."

"How long has he been with you?"

"How long is it since Mrs. Warwick's dance? He came a fortnight after that."

"Where is he? I want to see him."

"He will be waiting with my mother near the Vine. But——"

"I'll keep miles from you, I promise; but I want to see him, and your mother."

So when Helga went into the vinery, where her mother and Herr Hille were waiting for her, Clive followed at a little distance and looked with simulated interest at the ripening grapes. He saw Helga join a tall, stately looking woman whose plain, unfashionable clothes seemed to acquire distinction from their wearer. Her blonde hair was turning gray, her eyes were tired, but strong and calm. The glance with which she received her child helped Clive to understand the tie between them. She was talking to a little freckled gentleman who had a merry likeable face. He wore a snuff-col-

ored squash hat and a pea-green tweed suit guaranteed by his tailor, Clive guessed by sight, to be *echt Englisch*. Directly Helga appeared he entered into a complicated explanation for her benefit of the differences between grape culture here and on the Rhine.

Meanwhile Mrs. Byrne watched her daughter and knew in a moment that something unusual had happened, something that had not ended yet. The girl's face was flushed, and the attention she paid to Conrad was artificial; and her eyes were steadily turned from the tall, well-set-up young man who lingered near the door of the vinery and stared at the grapes whenever he thought Mrs. Byrne was observing him. She soon made a move to go home, and as she passed him she looked at him and then hastily looked away. For he had made a quick half-gesture of recognition. In another moment he would have spoken. But before the moment came she had understood, and she would not let him speak. That night she went in to Helga when the girl was brushing her hair.

"What happened at Hampton Court to-day?" she asked.

"I met Clive Ashley, and he talked to me," said Helga at once. "How did you know?"

"He was in the Vinery."

"Yes, he wanted to see you, and Herr Hille. He would so much like to be friends with us, Mummy."

"Tell him to see that his father undoes the wrong he has done to yours," said Mrs. Byrne. "Tell him to give us back everything we have lost—money, place, time, health—and then talk of friendship. It is a mockery to talk or think of friendship between their house and ours. It is wrong of you to let this young man speak to you, Helga."

"I know it is," said Helga, humbly.

"Then why did you allow it?"

"I did tell him we must never speak to each other again."

"Did you convince him?"

"He isn't easy to convince," said Helga, half crying, half laughing.

Mrs. Byrne looked anxious and unhappy as she kissed her daughter good night.

"I half wish that I had spoken and put an end to it," she said, "I must if you cannot."

"I may never see him again," said Helga.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE ROADS.

I.

Of the three great roads on which men move about the world—the iron road, the stone road, and the road of water—each has its special character, its special associations of fancy that we call romance. In France, especially, where the three are of almost equal importance, their difference of character is specially marked. Not so very long ago, indeed, they could have been distinguished with some accuracy by the kind of people who used them. The rivers and canals were the roads of merchandise; the stone roads, once the roads of armies, were the roads of the peasant; and the iron road was the road of the stranger and the traveller. It is different now. The motor-car has restored to the country roads their original purpose of long-distance communication; the French people themselves now travel extensively throughout their own country on the railroads; and only the rivers and canals continue to bear their ancient burden of merchandise. Near my village these three great roads run for a space almost side by side through the valley of the Seine; for it was the waters that first found a road for man's footsteps, and it is the course of the waters that these other roads still principally follow. But the Seine runs slow and sleepy here; the national road, although according to the sign-board it runs from Paris to Marseilles, leads for us only to the town of Moret, less than two miles

away, and the chief road here is the road of iron.

It springs suddenly out of the forest, with a sweeping importance, upon our hillside of little houses and vine-covered walls. It is much the most important thing in our world. The station is almost as big as the village, and of far greater importance, for the two main lines of the P. L. M. branch here, one to travel gloriously down the valleys of the Saône and the Rhone to Marseilles, the other, the Bourbonnais line, to wander off by the Loing and the Yonne to far-away Clermont-Ferrand and the Cevennes. On one hand is the curve into the forest; on the other the spreading expanse of the station and the grass-grown goods-yard, the buildings, the tall row of poplars, the signals, and all the intricate-circumstance of an important junction. One set of lines leads straight as far as the eye can see, and disappears in a trembling haze of heat; the other branches away, held aloft by a great curving viaduct that leads it to the Seine.

To the English eye there must always be something a little odd about the appearance of a French railway. Like all commercial machinery in France it has an unfinished air; it is entirely practical and efficient, but it lacks that wonderful solidity and finish which marks the English railroad, and which is expressed in the words "permanent way." The iron road in Eng-

land, and all its circumstances and belongings, seem designed to last for ever. It is weeded and gravelled like a garden path, the grasses of its embankments cut and reaped in their due season, its hedges clipped, its signal-posts painted and constructed with a careful uniformity, its fences maintained like those of an English park, its walls and buttresses like those of a garrison castle. In France the way is grown often with grasses and weeds, and flowers come to bloom from under the very rails, and pass their fragrant life within an inch of destruction. The way is not sacred as it is in England; you may walk across it and upon it from one platform to another. The signals have an agreeable variety of form and feature. There are large inquiring discs of red or mauve or yellow or blue, with an eccentric glass eye within their circumference; there are semaphores that invite the passage of trains not by the air of acquiescence, chin sunk on chest, of the English signal, but by utter and perpendicular collapse; and there are great squeaking squares of sheet-iron that rattle in the wind and turn cumbrously on their pivots.

There is a bridge over the line, a little bridge belonging to a little road that leads from one small village on the slope to another smaller village on the plain; and everyone who passes over the bridge, men with baskets of fruit or bundles of sticks, women with loads of linen for washing in the river, children on various errands and enterprises, they all stop and stare up and down the line. They wait until at least one train has passed; they follow it with their eyes until it has disappeared in the hazy distance, or been swallowed up in the forest, and then take up their burdens and pass on.

What is the fascination in railways that begins with earliest childhood and, at any rate with people who retain an

agreeable curiosity about life, never quite ceases? Is it an inheritance from the wonder of a century ago, when they seemed to revolutionize human life, or is it something more subtle and inherent in themselves? There is always for the human being, who walks on legs, a certain fascination for things that go on wheels or in water; but that is not by any means the chief fascination of the railway, for no other vehicle, not even a ship, excites the universal interest that is accorded to the locomotive engine. Nor can it be the fact that a railway train is a kind of microcosm of life, a house or a town that flees swiftly from one part of the earth to another, containing chairs, and lights, and carpets, and fires, and kitchens, and beds. The ship contains all these things, and is in this sense, and indeed in every sense, a far more wonderful thing than a train; but you either have or have not a natural interest in ships, whereas everyone has a natural interest in trains. Probably the secret lies in the fact that, from our first experience to our last, they are associated with the most physically adventurous acts of our life, and with the great spiritual adventures also which result from our being transported from one environment to another. All life and all adventure were contained in our first railway journeys, when every minute gave us something new to learn, and know, and feel; and for life and adventure the railway still stands, even with people whose first little burst of curiosity in life is soon exhausted, and who cease to grow and to live as soon as they can come to a safe anchorage and commit the spiritual suicide known as "settling down." And the French railways stand, certainly to foreigners, for very wonderful and beautiful experiences, for by those iron roads they go to Spain, to Switzerland, to the Mediterranean, to Italy, to Egypt, to India. Even if you are going no far-

ther than Paris there is something very inspiring in the sight at Calais of the carriages labelled with such romantic and far-away names; something thrilling, at midnight on Friday, in the long and lighted splendor of the P. and O. express, and at three o'clock on any afternoon between June and October in the aspect in the same place of the Oberland-Simplon express, with its inspiring row of labels: Paris, Lausanne, Brigue, Milan, Venice, Trieste, Berne, and Interlaken; and something magnificent in the train that leaves Calais every Thursday afternoon, and bears the astounding title of the Calais-Marseilles-Bombay express. And the myriad associations that these names call up in the minds of thousands and thousands of people are definitely linked also with the iron road in France, and with an unbroken line of experience that begins there by the green water-side of Calais, and that ends, who shall say where?

II.

Very early one morning (having been awakened from dreams of blood and driven forth by the butcher) I met a man marching along the road. He was lean and athletic; he pushed before him, like a perambulator, a small enclosed box or cart on three wheels. To the front of it was harnessed a mongrel dog of the foxhound-cum-bull-terrier species, who pulled briskly at his trace, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. The man and I fell into conversation; and as the morning was very hot and a wayside auberge handy we paused to drink a glass of wine together—the young Burgundy of that country, which is to the great vintage wines what the earliest twilight of a summer morning is to the red vesper that blazes in the west. A little river purled behind us; a great acacia tree shaded us from the hot sun; the dog immediately stretched himself flat in

the dust; and while we sat and drank our wine the man told me his business and destination. It appeared that his cart contained some kind of pastry, which he vended at a great distance; he made this journey by road three times a week, and he had come ten kilometres in the last hour. Having made this statement he drank his wine, and calling to the dog stepped out again with long, swinging strides, the two shadows stretching far ahead in the white dust of the road.

I did not believe him when he said that he had walked ten kilometres in the hour, but it seemed to me a natural statement. It is a brave and agreeable trait in human nature that makes people lie about the distance they have walked. Later I saw this man in my own village, the cart abandoned, and the dog unharnessed and running about the road on the ordinary business of dogs. The man still bore himself bravely and with a slightly foreign air, like a mariner who walks the streets of a strange port, knowing that his craft lies moored but temporarily beside the quay. And this was only the moral effect of his long and swift walk in the early morning. He had come from another world; he had been alive and doing while the villagers had still been slumbering in their beds; along miles of the road he had been observing that lively stir of nature that makes it high noon in the hedgerows before mankind has well begun the day. And, remembering his lie, I praised him in my heart for it. For the man who walks these long roads of France, and boasts of greater distances than the milestones show, lies only in a physical sense. By the dead reckoning of the milestones you may prove him a liar, but dead reckoning is not the whole truth about travelling; there are the drifts of the mind, and the tides and currents of thought, to be taken into account; and the man who

walks truly, savoring and enjoying all that he sees and feels, far outstrips the cold measures of the surveyor. His imagination is always ahead of him; and when his feet come to rest he has a mile or two to add to the reckoning for the distance his thoughts have travelled. For a road is essentially a thing on which to advance, on which to proceed from one place to another. To "go for a walk" on a road is a miserable thing—I mean to go a little way and then come back. To retrace one's steps at all is against instinct, and almost impossible for some natures; and people who go for a walk will take almost any trouble to find a different road by which to return, so that they may thus cheat themselves, and procure the illusion that they have continued to advance.

Almost all the literature of the road is concerned either with scenery, or with eating and drinking, or with human encounters or philosophic reflections by the way; very little of it with the actual business of walking—that miraculous business of lifting up one's feet and putting them down again, while throughout miles and hours of travel the body is supported on one leg at a time. And this is one of the many instances where literature is truer to life than it is commonly supposed to be; and to me, at any rate, its preoccupation with the things incidental to walking seems natural enough. I like everything about a walk except the actual walking. I like to read about it, I like the thought of distant spires and hill-tops attained by steady muscular effort; but, to tell the truth, I prefer to go on a horse. Let the horse do the walking; I will do the thinking, and do it all the better for being fresh and cool. I shall certainly do it a great deal better than if I am plunged in that pleasant but stupefying dream, the hypnosis induced by such prolonged, regular, and monotonous action as lift-

ing up one's feet and putting them down again. All the imaginative business of arriving tired and perspiring and dusty—which is not really pleasant—the horse will vicariously perform for me; I can enjoy it through his person; to see him rubbed down and fed and stalled in the fragrant darkness of an old stable will give me great pleasure, and pleasure none the less real because I am not in a state of physical distress myself. This is the ideal way of walking; which is finely conveyed in the French phrase "to go for a walk on a horse."

Is this craven, and luxurious, and Sybaritic, and degenerate? Well then, if I am to walk by road, let it be on some road that winds about, where I cannot see too far before me, where every corner gives a new view, and where sight and imagination need not far outstrip one's footsteps: let me walk on the roads of England. I find something disheartening in these straight and splendid roads of France, ruled like white lines across the country, with their rows of trees, thousands and thousands in a row, placed with the regularity of railway sleepers. Such roads were made for armies, not for natural men and women. On such a road, when you come to a hill-top, you see before you, perhaps for five miles, a straight white ribbon lying across the plain; before you have gone half a mile you have traversed it all backwards and forwards with your eyes, have travelled in your imagination to its farthest limit, have seen all there is to be seen, so that there remains nothing but the mere physical business of moving your body along the remaining four and a half miles. The engineering is magnificent, but there is something unfriendly in it. I remember once starting to walk with a friend from Dieppe to Paris, and taking too long a stage on the first day. The distance, I think, was twenty-five

miles. We did everything we should not have done: we loitered in the early part of the day, we wandered into forests by the roadside, we ate hungrily and too well at a country inn, we talked continuously, with the result that towards nightfall two miserable, dust-covered figures began the descent into the Normandy town of Neufchatel-en-Bray. The approach to this town, which lies at the foot of a hill, is a triumph of engineering. The national road winds down in a gentle spiral, by a hardly perceptible gradient, round the vast circumference of the hill. Below us, a stone's throw away, twinkled the welcoming lights of the town; a jump would almost have landed us upon its roofs. But the broad road, in obedience to the laws of mathematics, curved grandly away from it, fetched a great compass, and entered it from the other side. And yard by yard, and perch by perch, did we limp down this vast avenue, examining its surface before each footstep lest there should be a stone or inequality which would further mortify our bruised members. I thought on that occasion, and think still, that it would have been kinder if the French engineers, in making such grand military avenues, had also cut a little path, straight and steep, whereby the ordinary mortal might reach his shelter for the night. Perhaps if we had looked we should have found some such natural path; but we dared not leave the certainty of the main road on a mere chance, with the risk of perhaps adding to our footsteps and finding no other way. The short cut, if there was one, would probably have been steep and rough, as most short cuts are; but I think we should have put up with greater pain to the feet for the sake of greater ease to the mind. For it is the mind that really suffers from the severity of a long road; it is the thought of distances in front of us that is apt to be so daunt-

ing; and there are few who would not, given the choice of attaining some end by a long and painful struggle or by a short and sharp agony, choose the short and sharp. Or perhaps it is a matter of temperament, of a choice between moral and physical courage; the long road being a moral, and the short a physical discipline. But I am not one of those who ask with the poets to have "the road before me"; to have done a thing that is laborious is a greater satisfaction than to have it still to do; and, provided I have really paced it, and not ridden it on a horse or an automobile, I prefer to have the road behind me, and the view and the rest before me.

III.

The coast of France, in spite of its extent, never suggests a maritime nation; one must go inland to discover the true French world of water. And of the three roads in France this road of waters is the most characteristic and the best, the dustless, noiseless road that has no hills, but only innumerable curves and level changes—the road moreover that moves of itself. One says loosely of other roads that they "go" from this place to that; but it is not true. The patch of road outside your door remains there from year to year, whereas if you live by a river, although you never move a step, hundreds of miles of road will go past your eyes in the year. You may go yourself on the stone or iron road from Châlon to Mâcon; but the road of water, the Saône, the silver highroad of Burgundy, goes there of itself.

This piece of country of which I write is full of such moving highways, being traversed by the Seine, the Loing, and the Yonne; they are all canalized, their beauty as rivers unimpaired and their utility as canals ensured by locks and weirs. They give the landscape a very friendly appearance, pe-

culiarly French in its combination of deep and pale green, and rich in lines of willow and of poplar that advertise the watery road; while the shouts of the bargees and the great echoing, explosive cracks of whips that resound all over the country redeem it from that sombre gravity that seems always to brood over great tracts of agricultural land. One regards with an ancient reverence this life of rivers and canals, so prodigiously slow, and yet always in motion; so fertile in surprises that, when walking across a country that seems deserted, one may suddenly come upon a road of water and a whole town of families and moving houses tucked in a fold of the ground. I suppose there is no occupation into which the sense of time enters so slightly as it does into the occupation of the bargee. These great and noble barges of the French canals seem, when they are at rest, like rocks or islands, immovable in the water, their steep black sides rising to support polished and decorated beams and superstructures of glass and rare woods; a little garden of flowers before the windows and a cage of canaries on the roof of the parlor, and children sprawling everywhere over a deck that seems limitless in extent. The getting under way of such a structure is a matter of hours, and when the straining horses or mules have at last tightened the wire rope that reaches to the masthead, it is almost impossible to say at what moment the great ark begins to move through the water. But start it does, with infinite expenditure of labor and shouts and whip-cracking; and once started you would think it would never stop; but if you go away and come back the next day you may find it tied up a quarter of a mile down the stream, waiting its turn at the lock. It is the most self-contained life in the world, that of these barge families, and always tempts one by its union of

movement with repose. Independence of the external world is its chief charm; for the very horses that draw the barge through the heat of the day climb on board at night and feed and rest in the stable which they have transported, being thus in a way cannibals of their own strength. It is pleasant to look upon, I say; but I doubt very much if such a life would be really tolerable. The slowness which is so poetic to contemplate would, unless one were trained to it, surely become exasperating at times. If all the things that were said about such a life were true one would expect to find the canal bargeman and his family persons of a singular spirituality, rising on a wave of serener life than ours, and living in a world of dream and phantasy. The most superficial observation of these people must disappoint this expectation; they are indeed notorious for violence and profanity. It is sad, but there is a tonic truth in it too, for scenery never made a poet yet, and nature is as near to the brute as to the spirit. The bargeman is but a simpler and more natural person than the rest; he lives and moves and has his being in the most elementary of all human vehicles, the Noah's ark, with his family and his beasts around him; and we have no reason to suppose that Noah was a person of any singular refinement.

The gayest spots on the road of water in France are to be found at the confluence of two rivers, where the interchange of traffic, the meeting and passing of so many barges, and the accumulation of merchandise and the plying of the ship-building craft, combine to make an agreeable maritime commotion. Such rivalries in the matter of *Cafés du Commerce* and *Hôtels du Confluent*, such vending of wine by the bottle and the barrel, and of bread by the foot and the yard; such orgies of clothes-washing by the assembled

women of the town in the long, floating washhouses where, each in her own compartment, furnished with its bottles of liquid soap and its piles of linen, the women can work and gossip at the same time, dipping the soapy garments into the clear river, which is clouded but for a moment, and making such a slapping and battering of wet stuffs with pieces of wood that it resounds over all the countryside.

I know no people who work at once so hard and so cheerfully as the peasant women of France; those of them that are not at work in the fields are eternally occupied in either of the two great primitive feminine tasks—washing and cooking. The cooking is a desultory affair, taken as an accompaniment to other things; but the washing is done in community, and, especially where there are a great number of bargewomen together, it becomes a kind of festival. This washing of dirty linen in public seems to be an essentially French habit; and there is surely much to be said for it. It can only be characteristic of a country where there is much flowing water, and where the climate makes out-of-door work tolerable and pleasant; and the sight of a woman wheeling her barrow-load of household stuffs to the river-side and wheeling it back pure and clean, is surely a pleasanter thing than the solitary, steamy rites that one imagines are taking place in the private wash-houses of England, where in darkness and malodorous vapor women clatter about a stone floor that swims in soapy water. The river is none the fouler, to our senses at any rate, for all the dirt that it washes away; and the linen is so much the whiter and sweeter for being washed in the river water and the sunshine. Much of our washing is only partly a sanitary matter; it is a ceremonial also, and has as strong a moral as a physical effect. How much better morally than the solitary

stooping over the dark tub must be this washing in the running river, in the company of neighbors, with the sights and sounds of the river for refreshment and the talk of the village for entertainment.

There is no river or canal in France but is furnished with its line of anglers, for the most part as still and silent and incurious as the church spires. The fabled patience of all fishermen is in France carried to a kind of ecstasy of contentment. They fish more and catch less than any other race. To stand all day in one spot over the still waters of a canal for the sake of three fishes the size of a whitebait is to have reduced almost to a minimum the ratio of reward to labor. But of course it is not the fishes, it is the fishing that is its own reward. No river fisherman ever fished for fishes only, he fishes for peace, for solitude, or for recreation of mind; and though his basket be empty of fishes at the end of the day, it may nevertheless be full of other booty. The French fisherman apparently can achieve his Nirvana anywhere; you see him in Paris occupying his scanty mid-day leisure fishing in the Seine, with the world visibly and audibly around him; and he takes his pleasure, not only in the thicket of willows or by the lock on the lonely hillside, but also in the midst of a roaring traffic of motors and tramcars, and under the very wheels of carts and omnibuses.

Of the French rivers that are known to me the Rhone seems to be the most noble and the Loing the most lovable. I know no river that conveys the impression of rolling so exactly as the Rhone below Valence. The Garonne has its moments of greatness, as when it first smells the sea near Beautiran; but the Rhone, which is too wild and turbulent to be very much tamed to commerce, has a majesty and awfulness entirely its own. The Seine is a very bourgeois river, and, in spite of

its importance from Rouen to Le Havre, we should not mention it in the same breath with the others if it had not the good fortune to bear Paris on its banks.

Of the rivers of mere beauty, the Loire has its devotees, I know, and the arches and battlements of old castles reflected in its brimming expanses have their own place in the memory. But the little Loing, that never grows old and never dies the death of great rivers in the sea, that is the stream I love best. From Nemours to Moret its happy youth is spent wandering among willows and rushes, and prattling over clear shallows that lie enclosed in a world of meadows. It

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has no premonition of its end; at one moment it is in the full tide of its happy youth, and a few hundred yards lower, turning a sudden corner, it is lost in the Seine. It knows no broadening maturity soiled by drains and threshed by the propellers and paddles of commercial craft; it comes to an end suddenly, in innocence, a few sleepy canal boats being all the burden that it has known. It is a little river, and has a little life and a little death; it is borne unconscious to the sea, the destiny of all waters; but there, although one would not speak of them while living in the same breath, it meets even with its great neighbor the Rhone, on equal terms.

Wilson Young.

SPEECH DAY IN CROCODILE COUNTRY.

In Bengal, things get strangely associated in one's mind, and somehow that Speech Day at a Bengali school is mixed up for me with the crocodiles I saw during the long ride we made to get to the school. I believe that the crocodiles interested me more than the speeches. That is no reflection upon the speeches. Crocodiles have a fascination for me, and they are certainly fixed in my memory far more than any of the other creatures I saw in Bengal. They are so much more numerous than any of the other creatures, such as tigers or snakes. One hears a good deal about the snakes there, but one sees very little of them at any time, and in the cold weather nothing at all. Indeed the only snakes I saw were two great pythons which a planter kept in one of his indigo vats for his private delectation. He loved to watch them and feed them, and poke them with a stick, and see their flat vicious heads drive at it with the speed and force of a steam-hammer. His wife liked them less because one of them had once es-

caped from the vat and wandered into her bedroom. It was daytime and she was resting from the heat, and hearing it advance, breathing heavily, she thought it was her somewhat asthmatical fox-terrier and told it to lie down. As it seemed to be making for her bed instead, she looked up to find it was one of the pythons looking for a warm place in which to lie up. Her screams brought her husband, who, annoyed by this escapade of a pet which his wife had never properly appreciated, thoughtlessly seized it by the neck, with the result that in a twinkling it had knotted itself round his arm and nearly pulped it before his bearer could arrive and get it by the tail. Two men, it seems, can deal with a python fairly effectively, by grasping each an end of it, thus preventing it weaving itself into the coils that crush. But no single man is of much use, for the reason that he cannot in the nature of things grasp and keep taut an eighteen-foot length of writhing muscle. The planter told me that, as it was, his

arm had turned black and blue all over, as if it had been squeezed into a heavy door, and it was weeks before he could use it. But he still loved his python. I do not think any one could love a crocodile, and personally I could never become even indifferent to them. They are such nightmares of creatures, especially when seen in quantities as I saw them that day. We were twenty or thirty miles from the station, and the Collector and I were walking our ponies through a great stretch of grass jungle, in which nothing was to be seen but a few feet of the track ahead, when there appeared to our right a sudden gap in the grass. Riding up to it, we found that it marked the brink of a big unmapped river which ran in its bed some four feet below. There, on a sandbank, so that you could have dropped pebbles on to their noses, lay not less than fifty crocodiles of all shapes and sizes, muggers and fish-eaters, sprawled side by side or at right angles, some only a few feet long, some looking to be fully eighteen feet. The Collector declared that no up-country crocodile attained that length, though the muggers of the Sunderbunds do, so I will only repeat that they looked it, as they lay there on the whitish-yellow sand, the jungle grass barely quivering above them, basking in the sun as they might have basked at the beginning of time. The nearest village was miles away, and the whole scene was as it might have been a thousand years before. Neither then nor now had these creatures any enemy to fear except for the few jungle beasts that might prey on their eggs. Why should they not grow big at their ease, these scavenging lords of a great secret river, which was probably crammed with fish as all the rivers of Bengal are? I did not notice any musky smell of them on the air, as I had somehow expected; they did not therefore offend one's sense of smell, which is,

I believe, the origin of repugnance and loathing. Yet creatures more calculated to raise these emotions I have never seen. Their sprawl, their gape, their cold-blooded lethargy—in spite of “their four-chambered heart, distinct sockets for the teeth, and traces of a diaphragm showing an approach in organization to warm-blooded animals”—and most of all, that reptilian smile, form a revolting combination. What extraordinary pathological state can that old Egyptian civilization have been in which treated these creatures as divinities, worshipping them alive and embalming their hideous carcasses after death? Was all that world mad together, and was it the germ of a spiritual sense which nourished itself on such appalling fancies and by the transfiguring of things so abominable?

Even the writer of Job seems to have taken a horrific joy in the crocodile.

Who can open the doors of his face? his teeth are terrible round about.

His scales are his pride, shut up together as with a close seal. . . .

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. . . .

His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether millstone. . . .

The arrow cannot make him flee: sling-stones are turned with him into stubble.

Darts are counted as stubble: he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

A little later in the morning we came to a place where the river crossed the track, and had to wait while the ferry boat was baled to take us across. A herd of buffaloes were swimming the river as we waited beside the landing-place. They were nothing but a line of noses in the water, with their drover shouting directions from the opposite bank. One or two natives, also waiting for the ferry, watched apathetically from the hot landing-place; a troop of porpoises bobbed away upstream, and several crocodiles, each on

his own beat, as it were, of the bank, slept through the process, or seemed to. But they slept, head to stream, slanted for the dive in, and I said to the Collector—

"Aren't the men afraid of some of those brutes seizing their animals?"

"I expect there is too much noise going at present for anything to happen," said he, and asked the ferryman, "Do the muggers here take cattle?"

"Yes, Huzoor."

"Many?"

"A few."

"And have you known them to seize people too?"

"There have been seven taken this year," said the ferryman without concern. "Usually it is a big mugger who takes them, of a light color. Five days ago he took a woman who went to wash. He is a big mugger, and sits close by. To-day he does not show himself."

"No one has shot at him?" inquired the Collector.

"No, Huzoor."

"It's a pity we sent the guns ahead," said the Collector, having translated this to me. "We might have tried to shoot some of the brutes while we were waiting. Not that one or two more or less would have made much difference."

"Do you mean to say it's a fact that seven people have been killed at this ferry in the year?" I asked.

"It's not at all unlikely," he said.

"According to the figures of the district, crocodiles get three hundred victims per annum. Of course the crocodiles may be helped to have them in some cases, but on the other hand we probably don't learn of all the people that get carried off in out-of-the-way parts. They're absolutely careless about crocodiles. You've seen the way they will go in?"

I had seen it. At just such a place as this, with a crocodile staring at

him from the opposite bank, a Bengali wishing to make ablutions will walk down into the water, wade out waist deep and dip completely under the requisite number of times. Afterwards he will stand in the river and wash his garment, if it happens to need washing, as unconcerned as a man in a swimming-bath. I have seen very cautious people before they advanced into the water pick up a stone and throw it in to frighten any mugger that might be lurking in the immediate vicinity. But this is a mark of rare foresight and prudence. So, as the Collector said, it was hardly to be wondered at if the figures for the district showed three hundred victims of crocodiles in the year. Some of these would be washerwomen seized while they were pounding clothes on a board stretched over the river, as one sees them so often and so picturesquely doing, and others would be little girls. Not infrequently silver bangles are found inside the bodies of shot crocodiles—the silver bangles with which the small girls are adorned from their earliest years. I suppose being small they are easy to seize and drown—easier than the ponies and buffaloes' calves which are also taken in great quantities in the marsh lands. Not that the mugger is slow in action. I was amazed, when I went shooting them a week or two later, at the incredible speed at which on first feeling the bullet they plunge into the stream. Scientists explain that the neck of the crocodile is deprived to a great extent of its mobility because the vertebrae bear upon each other by means of rib-like processes, and its limbs are so short and insufficient that it has to drag its body along the ground. But to see a wounded crocodile leap in one piece into the air—from bank to stream—is proof that its mobility in some ways is tremendous. For all practical purposes, however, it cannot pursue its human victims, and it is only because

familiarity has bred contempt and life is always so cheap in the East that the brutes account for such a monstrous mortality. Could anything be done to alter it? I suppose if the crocodile possessed any commercial value its rapid decrease and eventual extermination would be assured, but, as things go, it has little or none. The tanning of the belly skins, which is the only part of the animal used, appears to be an intricate and expensive process, and in any case it is the fish-eater's skin that is sought after—not the mugger's. So that, up-country at all events, the mugger is left alone to do as he pleases, and the one useful thing that he chooses to do is to act as scavenger of the waterways; and those who believe in the scourge that cleanses may plead the cause of the crocodile. Those who do not may usefully think out some way of putting an end to him. I remember that for an hour or two after leaving that ferry I thought it would be a very simple thing if Government compelled ferrymen at least to keep all fords and ferries clear of crocodiles. Ferrymen are not exactly Government officials, for the rights to ferry are, I believe, sold by auction, but they are always bought by the same families, so that the office of ferryman becomes for most purposes a hereditary one. It is a peaceful occupation, and even an apathetic Bengal ferryman might, I thought, if provided with a rifle and an arms license, find the work of disposing of the crocodiles round his ferry not too laborious. For he has not always even his ordinary ferrying to do, as we learnt at lunch-time that same day, when a deputation of the ferrymen of the district waited on the Collector to say that, the season having been unusually rainless, many of the rivers had gone dry and people could ford or even go dryshod over places where boats were the custom—would not his Honor therefore intercede with the Govern-

ment to remit to the poor ferrymen some of the purchase-money they had paid to secure the ferry rights? The Collector promised to think the matter over. He agreed that it seemed a distinct misfortune, though he was bound to point out that if a man had bidden for a thing, and the thing turned out less valuable than he supposed, he could not as a rule expect his money back. Supposing more people than usual had had to use the ferries, the ferrymen would not, he presumed, have offered to pay Government more money than they had actually paid. The deputation of ferrymen departed, only to be succeeded by a deputation of another kind which not even the Collector, with his experience of the ups and downs and general topsy-turviness of existence in Bengal, was quite prepared for, I think. This second deputation consisted of leading inhabitants who came to petition his Honor to know if it was just or right that the ferrymen of the district—seeing that certain waters had gone dry and it was possible for wayfarers to pass them on foot, not using boats—should by threats and violence prevent even the poorest people from walking across unless they first of all paid such toll as was the custom when the ferry-boats were used. The Collector said to this deputation that it was not just or right, and that it should be stopped, and he despatched a message to the previous deputation to say that if he heard of any more of this sort of villainy, ferrymen would not only not have their payments remitted by Government, but they would on the contrary forfeit their posts; and he said to me—“Do you see now why Bengalis do not like Bengalis in authority over them?”

I did not reply, but I reconsidered my idea of arming the ferrymen with rifles. Simple as the idea had seemed, I saw that its results might be very complicated. For, if the intelligent

ferryman unarmed could thus extort money from passers-by, what might he not succeed in doing with the help of a rifle? He would not, of course, actually shoot people with it, who refused to pay him little extra gratuities. He would go about things in a more indirect way. Thus, in his great anxiety to protect a herd of buffalo, such as we had seen swimming across, from a crocodile whom he fancied he saw about to attack, he might shoot into the brown of them, thus saving from the awful fate of being seized by a crocodile two or three at least of these valuable beasts, which would anyhow have met a comparatively painless death by bullet. Or he might merely become known as a zealous man who, though most anxious to clear his part of the river from crocodiles, was, alas! a poor shot, whom wise cattle-drovers would bribe not to do any crocodile-shooting while they were crossing the river—with the result that instead of the crocodiles getting thinner, the ferrymen would get fatter, and the cattle-drover would lose a percentage to both. I do not suppose a ferryman armed with a rifle would ever shoot by mistake on the opposite bank a friend with whom he had quarrelled—though it might be easy at a distance to mistake such a person for a crocodile. But there would always be the temptation, to a man leading a quiet and sedentary life by day, to go off at night and commit dacoity in a neighboring village, again not necessarily using violence, but inducing the ignorant villager to disclose the coffer beneath his bed containing that coin which he will not trust to the Post Office Savings Bank, by representing to him that he is an emissary of the Government, armed by the British Raj with the very fine and powerful rifle to be noticed under his arm, but capable of using the power of which that rifle is a symbol with moderation and discretion, provided the

contents of the coffer be immediately handed over.

Proceedings so simple and logical and difficult to bring home would be quite likely to appeal to some Bengalis armed with rifles for the extirpation of crocodiles.

We rode for some hours through this curious crocodile country, and came in due course to the little town whose school was to have its speech-day and prize-giving that afternoon.

It is strange at the back of Bengal, where the plough-land and the jungle march side by side, and the plough gains very slowly on the jungle and the jungle gains very speedily on the plough, to find schools at all. But it is stranger still to think that while tigers roam in the dog-rose scrub a few yards away, and crocodiles lurk in all the waters, uninterruptedly exacting their toll of a calf or a parent, little Bengalis are in these schools mastering the mysteries of our Occidental civilization. From pot-hooks, which are, I suppose, the invention of some great educationist of the past (I never heard his name, and seven cities do not appear to contest the honor of his birth-place), they go on to learn, from their English reading-books, that The Cat ate the Rat, the Rat is not the Bat, The Bat has no Hat; and having acquired these simple and euphonious truths, proceed by forced marches to the stage where they can finish their education by cramming the doctrines of Herbert Spencer, the philosopher who, both literally and figuratively, put cotton wool into his ears when he did not wish to hear what other people had to say. It is open to wonder how Herbert Spencer would have enjoyed Bengal, had Fate in a whimsical moment ever landed him there. Finding so many disciples ready made by nature to assimilate his philosophy, he should have been happy. The Babus would have welcomed him with agonizing smiles—

as a master and a brother—and repeated to him with respectful adulation his own dry sentences redecored with all the flowers of the East. They would have wanted to sit and talk to him all day about the Progress of Humanity and the Beauty of Civilization.

They would have wanted to talk shrilly and exultantly and without ceasing, and I think in a very short time he would have wanted to get out his cotton wool. In a Calcutta boarding-house, in the cold weather, he would have been happy perhaps—for a while. But he would have liked the hot weather less, and the jungle not at all. He was particular and even fussy about the details of daily life, and if his bearer had forgotten to boil his milk, or his cook had given him a stale fish or unwashed salad for tiffin—with the usual consequences—he would, I think, have had something sharp to say to either of those companions of the march of progress,—something that a native paper, if it got hold of it, would have construed as arrogant, and even tyrannical.

This, however, is speculation, and not directly connected with the speech day I wish to describe.

The ceremony had been arranged to take place outside the school itself, which was a large building accommodating some hundreds of children; and in order to screen all the distinguished visitors who were expected from the heat of the sun, a roofing of bright canvas had been erected and fastened to poles in the compound. In theory the poles had been driven securely into the ground, in order that they might support the weight of the awning; but the ground was very hard and the holes for the poles difficult to make. In reality, therefore, the poles were but lightly inserted, and threatened to give at almost any moment, to prevent which fiasco the schoolmaster, a slim and bright young Bengali, had im-

pressed certain friends, retainers, and proud parents to stand clutching the poles, so that this Damoclean roof never entirely came to earth. Indeed its only real inconvenience was that, being but imperfectly attached to the tops of the well-grasped poles, it fluttered away from them at various points as time went by, leaving large gaps through which the sun streamed with concentrated violence. There was a particularly pernicious gap of this kind left over the two central chairs on the platform occupied by the Collector and his wife, who had arrived by tonga, with the result that they would have been sun-struck about half-way through the afternoon had not one of the members of the School Board Committee bethought himself of sending for a big umbrella, which was supported over their honor's heads by three servants, and produced a highly impressive effect.

The rest of us—four other English people and a score of resplendent Babus representing the Law, Education, and Public Beneficence (one or two had presented sums of money to the school)—took what shelter we could find, while the school was ranged in bright-colored ranks in the full sun. The prizes were spread on a table at the Collector's right hand, and consisted mainly of cheaply printed and bound English books, such as "Jessica's First Prayer," "The Wide, Wide World," and other improving Victorian works, richly calculated to impress the little Hindus and Mahomedans who might be so lucky as to have won them with the greatness of our empire and the virile character of our literature.

The proceedings opened with speeches. The schoolmaster began with a very eloquent discourse on the advantages of education. He said that education was a very great thing, and that by learning to read books one could acquire the wisdom of all the

ages. By studying English books one could acquire the wisdom of the English ages, and by studying Bengali books one could acquire the wisdom of the Bengali ages. Collectively this would make a very great deal of wisdom which it would be a very great privilege to acquire. Not only boys could acquire this wisdom, but also girls—of whom there were several at the school—could acquire it by constant study and close attention to their books. Parents would be gratified to think that these privileges were open to their children, and that they were due in no small part to the unparalleled generosity and munificence of their old and highly-esteemed fellow-citizen, Babu Chundar Ram, who had presented no less than Rs. 2000 for the extension of the facilities of education in his native town. All present would join with him in expressing a sense of gratitude to Babu Chundar Ram for giving these opportunities of acquiring the wisdom of the ages. Children yet unborn—not only male children but also female children—would bless the name of Babu Chundar Ram, their great fellow townsman and educationist. He felt also that the meeting would be with him in expressing delight at the presence at the prize-giving of his Honor the Collector and District Magistrate, whose interest in education was so well known, and who was always delighted to assist the children in attaining the wisdom of the ages. . . .

The Collector's views on education in India are of a mixed nature, while his horror of rhetoric may be best described as positive; still, he managed to retain an impassive gravity during the subdued applause that greeted this speech. I knew that inwardly he must be feeling qualms, because he has at times an unpleasantly practical turn to his mind; and I remember that at a smaller school which we had previously inspected, where the school-mas-

ter was expecting him to examine the scholars in their progress in English literature and the world's geography, he had disconcerted all by asking, firstly, how far their village was from Calcutta, and how they would set about getting to Calcutta from it; and, secondly, whether it was safer as a rule in the jungle to drink from standing water or from running water if they did not want to die.

The second speech was from a legal Babu, who had the heads of his speech written down on several sheets of note-paper. He also referred in due sequence to the glories of education, the munificence of Babu Chundar Ram, and the pleasure with which everybody welcomed the presence at their school of that lover and patron of education, the Collector and District Magistrate. He said that some of the children at the school had parents who were but low jungly people who made their living by ploughing the land and had not read the philosophy of the ages; but civilization and progress were making themselves felt in Bengal, and the children themselves and their children's children would look back with wonder upon a time when geography and the philosophy of the ages was not taught, and people were mere jungly ploughmen.

The third and following speeches were also by Babus, all eloquent in spite of the fact that their leading themes—namely, the glories of education, the munificence of Babu Chundar Ram, and the presence of the Collector—had been set forth with the utmost fulness by their predecessors. They did not seem to mind that. Each seemed to think that his way of reciting the familiar truths which each wished to inculcate would bring them in a very special way to the hearts of those present.

At the end of the speeches the Collector asked the school-master if we

might hear some English reading, and a small boy in a very bright pink dhoti was brought forward and reeled off in a very high voice and at a lightning pace all the information contained in his reading-book about the Cat not killing the Rat, the Rat not being the Bat, and the Bat not possessing a Hat. The schoolmaster wore a most gratified smile during the process, and a great deal of unsuppressed admiration was visible in the course of it on the faces of the assembled parents; but as the boy, who had kept his eyes sideways on the Collector's face all the time in order to learn what impression he was making on the Sahib, evidently knew those pages by heart, the Collector, after saying it had been very nicely done, asked if there could be an exhibition of reading in some unseen part of the book. He turned over the pages himself to make sure of getting at an unthumbed one, and the small boy's face fell. But the schoolmaster rose to what seemed like an emergency, and said with a ready smile, "Certainly, your Honor, a larger boy will do some impromptu reading."

A minute or two later a large, stout, bashful boy was produced, and, having been handed the book, forced his way gamely through the account, I think it was, of a gallant rescue of a child by a fireman, which lost some of its original pathos owing to its being intoned without stops, just in the same way as the story of the Cat, the Bat, and the Hat—syllables appearing to the stout boy to be of infinitely more value in English than words. However, the Collector said it was very pleasant, and suggested that the prize-giving should now begin, which it did. There seemed to be an enormous number of prize-winners, in every color of the rainbow, the Hindus, on the whole, preponderating. It looked as though those who had not acquired pretty thoroughly the knowledge that the Bat

does not wear a Hat must be very few. I suppose Bengall children are very quick. To each the Mem-sahib, with a gracious smile, presented his "Wide, Wide World" or "Christy's Old Organ," or whatever it might be, and the pleased recipient silently sped back to his place. There was one small girl gorgeously apparelled, with painted face and clanking anklets, among the prize-winners. She looked about four, and no doubt excelled in pot-hooks. But what might not pot-hooks lead to in the way of emancipation?

When the prizes were all worked through, the schoolmaster made a short speech, pointing out the satisfaction with which winners might bear these trophies of their learning and assiduity to their humble homes, and thanking on behalf of those present the wife of the Collector and District Magistrate for her gracious and dazzling distribution of the works in question. He then called upon his Honor for a short speech—before the meeting terminated with a rendering of "God Save the King." His Honor made a short speech. He said it was a good thing when rich men like Babu Chundar-Ram handed over money for the purposes of education, but they must remember that the test of education was the practical result it had. Everybody could not be a philosopher, but everybody could learn to be sensible. There was a difference between learning and wisdom, and the latter was better because it implied character—and so on. The speech was greeted with great applause and noddings of the head, so that every one seemed to be most harmonious, and you might have thought that East and West were agreed upon every point of education at any rate. Then the Collector rose and asked for a day's holiday in honor of his visit, just as a distinguished visitor might have done at an English school, and the schoolmaster smilingly granted it,

and there was general applause, just as at home, though as a matter of fact I believe that holidays are the one thing that schoolmasters and boys mostly detest in Bengal, their assiduous habits being disturbed by interruptions of this kind. Equally I believe that the Collector only asked for the holiday because he realized this, and meant to get back on the schoolmaster for having made him listen to so many long speeches on education. He would not allow this when I taxed him with it, but said he had asked for the holiday because it was the custom to do so.

If my interpretation was correct, and he had done it to annoy the schoolmaster, it must be confessed that the

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schoolmaster got back on him later. The matter hardly really enters into this account of the speech day, but I may as well mention it. It took shape some months later, when the Collector was about to leave the district. The schoolmaster sent him a parting gift, in which was enclosed the following letter. The letter, I must state, was headed

"God Save Our District Magistrate!!"

and ran—

Honored Sir,—I beg you to accept as kindly gift in departing 5 pomegranate fruits, 5 oranges, 2 doz. walnuts, and 1 bottle hair lotion. The latter is restorative to hair, and invaluable after much toll to weak brain.

R. E. Vernède.

IN LITTLE PAPER CASES.

There had been mystery about the letter, and now, as she came out of the damp drive, Lady Chevenix found mystery in the afternoon. It was late September, and seemingly from every tree issued the sudden treble of a robin's song. Vivid grass by the roadside was filigreed with spiders' webs, and patterned over with bright leaves; and this foreground gleamed out with startling abruptness against a frail, far-away landscape of silver and amethyst, where dreaming elms retreated from deepest purple to pale ghosts, scarcely distinguishable from the autumn haze.

Earth held her breath. She was waiting for some sign, some sound.

The squire's wife read the letter through once more.

Dear Lady Chevenix,—You may have heard that I am in grievous trouble. My wife has to undergo a serious operation in two days' time. She wishes, most urgently, to speak to you. Would it be possible for you to come this afternoon? Sincerely yours,

Cuthbert Scott.

Lady Chevenix disliked Penelope

Scott for a reason she could not for very shame admit, even to herself; but now she was experiencing that empty and shocked feeling we do, when a hitherto healthy acquaintance has been suddenly beckoned. Pausing a moment she folded the letter with its cramped black writing, and replaced it in the envelope. Such a common envelope it was, so very white, so very thin!

Lady Chevenix came on. In the hush, the suspense of the afternoon, she looked a curiously inappropriate figure, picking her trivial way through a dim landscape which seemed to be lying wearily rigid beneath some age-long spell.

"Poor man. If she should not get over it, what will he do without her. And all those little children?"

Her lips tightened. She did not concern herself much with the Scott ménage, but all the world, or at all events all Littleham, knew of the devotion existing between the scholar curate and his wife.

"What can she possibly have to say to me?" she wondered for the twentieth time. For, short of receiving occasional letters drawing attention to some particular case in the village needing help, she came little in contact with Penelope Scott. The curate was often to be met at local cricket matches, and so forth; but Mrs. Scott seemed ever tied to her dark little house.

"And no wonder, with six, no, seven children under twelve, and no nurse to look after them," thought childless Lady Chevenix, with a contemptuous lip and a maddened hunger in her heart. "Now I come to think of it, she has not been in church the last few Sundays. I have not seen her since the garden party," and here she frowned ever so slightly. She did not wish to be hard on a sick woman, but if greed in a child is disagreeable, in a grown up person it is revolting. And it seemed to Lady Chevenix that nearly every time she brought some of her guests to the tea-tent, Penelope Scott, noticeable in her shabby clothes and plainly done hair, had been standing at the long table.

The Scott's garden was untidy, for poultry had the run of it. Lop-sided circles of rabbit netting did protect one or two of the flower-beds, but others were hopelessly scratched up, and dew-gemmed feathers lay on the little lawn, whose grass was tufty and over-long. But there was the impatient silver music of a wren shaking in the damp, still air; and in spite of, or because of the oppression of the afternoon, Lady Chevenix felt every nook and corner of the place was haunted by the Scott brood—those bright-eyed, elfin children who ran hatless and bare-legged, who played strange games amongst themselves and who, like their parents, seldom ailed.

She passed a perambulator drawn under a yew tree. The hood was up;

but from its shadowy darkness lay a tiny baby hand, limp with sleep, its nails gleaming like little pink shells.

Lady Chevenix stepped on the toes of her narrow neat little boots. Her heart was stirring. Yet as she pulled at the rusty bell, and heard it jangling away at the back of the house, she murmured,

"These new-fangled ideas! Leaving a baby to sleep out on such a raw afternoon!"

A diminutive servant, with hair up but skirts only to the tops of her boots, came to the door, showing a gloomy background of stone-flagged floor, and a flight of uncarpeted stairs, behind her flat little form.

"Mrs. Scott is ill, Mum. I don't think as 'ow——"

"Mother says will you come up," rang out a child's voice startling loud, and echoing from the top of the stairs; and Rachel Scott came slowly down, no trace of shyness in her gray eyes.

She was a thin little girl, with a white, freckled skin, and wisps of straight black hair. Her serge frock was very short, and though the afternoon was cold she wore old sandals, and no stockings. Now, as she shook hands, she studied the visitor with a very passion of interest and admiration. Her lips opened to speak; but with an effort she closed them firmly, as though to press back the eager words.

"I will show you the way up," said she in a careful tone, and turning she began lightly climbing the stairs.

Lady Chevenix had been acutely aware of the awe and admiration shining in this little girl's eyes. It half pleased, half displeased, but wholly pliqued her curiosity. It belonged to the strangeness of the lavender-colored afternoon; Penelope Scott's illness, the blue smoke of burning weeds hanging low and still over the spell-bound fields, the curate's request.

"And aren't you afraid of catching cold with no stockings?"

In her voice was that awkward attempt after friendliness which belongs to the woman who knows nothing of children.

Rachel recognized it in an instant. She was so surprised, it was a moment before she could answer, gravely polite.

"Thank you, I never catch cold. We none of us do."

Her short black locks fell apart, showing the nape of her white little neck and the hollow running up it. Lady Chevenix noticed this; also the child's hand slipping carelessly up the banisters, banisters miraculously polished by many sliding little bodies. And a child's neck or a child's hand is a very lovable thing.

As they reached the landing there came the faint, far-away sound of a baby lamenting. Rachel cocked her head on one side and paused.

"Tony has woken up. He is in the garden, in the pram. Will you 'scuse me, please? I must go to him. That's mother's door." And nodding, Rachel slid swiftly down the banisters, and ran out into the garden.

Lady Chevenix found herself smiling. Wise though she seemed, Rachel was a diminutive person to have the care of a young baby.

Three brown doors confronted her, the paint blistered and peeled off each. On a chest beside, lay a child's floppy hat, a damaged butterfly net, and a milk jug from a doll's tea-set. At which door should she knock?

She knocked, and fancying she heard an answer, opened and went in. The room was empty. It had a deal scrubbed floor; opposite was a window wide open, with no blinds or curtains, only the crimson leaves of the creeper to soften its stark oblong. There were two little beds, and a bath with most of the paint off, set ready. Two washed-out pink flannelette dressing

gowns hung behind an open door leading into another room. From thence came a murmur of voices.

Lady Chevenix, feeling intensely self-conscious, striving honestly not to look, but aware of the unmistakable signs of poverty about her, went forward and knocked. Cuthbert Scott was sitting in a low chair by his wife's bedside, holding her hand. He rose hastily and came forward, stumbling a little. His face was grim and set by suffering. But a few minutes before he had learned what his wife wished to tell Lady Chevenix, what his wife wished to ask Lady Chevenix. A lump, hard, impossible to swallow was rising stiffly in his throat. Had he failed his Penelope after all? Dumbly shaking hands, his eyes searched those of Lady Chevenix. Would she understand?

He drew forward a chair. No, he could not leave his proud, impulsive Penelope to tell her tale to anyone so correct and cold. He could not.

Penelope Scott lay flat in bed. She was a large woman, and now that her body was hidden by bed-clothes the other noticed for the first time how thin and worn was her face, how many fine, tired little lines there were about her eyes. She had always a white skin and a fine, hawk-like profile, but now her features seemed carved out of ivory. Two plaits of straight, long, black hair resting on the bed each side of her accentuated this.

"It was good of you to come so quickly," she said, holding out a hand still strong and capable. Her voice, too, was clear and natural. Lady Chevenix, making some suitable reply, still a little shocked at the extreme poverty she had surprised, wondered if this woman could be so near death after all.

"I will tell your story, dear, and if I don't tell it rightly you shall correct me."

The curate was leaning over the bed, his back turned.

Lady Chevenix felt the fierce misery of self consciousness. An urgent desire to escape possessed her. What place had she in this carpetless, curtainless room, so charged with emotion? Where Cuthbert Scott had sat by the bed, holding his wife's hand; where two little cots were arranged between that bed and the wall; and all around were pinned childish attempts at flowers, animals, or ships plunging in woolly Reckitt's blue or pea-green waves. A storm of emotion shook her, a fury of anger and jealousy against these two who were so much to each other—or was it a most lancing pity?

She rose from her chair, shaken, irritable, her hands nervous.

"I feel sure you are not well enough to see me to-day, Mrs. Scott. Let me come some other time. If there is anything I can do for you—grapes——" And even as she spoke she was aware of the futility of her words, of the futility of everything.

"Oh, I want more than grapes," cried Penelope unexpectedly. "Forgiveness, and a favor!" She hesitated with the blood slowly pouring into her cheeks like wine. "But thank you all the same. The district nurse does everything for me. She is a dear little thing."

Even in her own embarrassed anxiety, the curate's wife must put in a kind word for the new little nurse who stood in such awe of her patroness.

"But, Cuthbert, isn't it time you went for old Joe Larkin's funeral?" she added, and looked up at her husband lingering awkwardly there.

As she spoke a bell tolled heavily out on the still autumn afternoon.

"*Boo-oom.*"

Was it for this the motionless earth had been holding her breath?

Cuthbert Scott smiled in a peculiar

fashion. Without saying good-bye to Lady Chevenix he got out of the room in some fashion. The knowledge had come to all there, that bell might next toll for Penelope Scott.

"Do sit down again," pleaded the latter as the two women were alone. "It is just possible I may not come through this," she continued, her clear dark eyes on the other. "There is something I must tell you. Something for which I must ask your forgiveness."

Penelope's voice was a desperate mixture of pride and humility.

"Forgiveness? Mrs. Scott, I feel quite sure that——"

"Oh, but wait!" exclaimed Penelope in a suddenly lowered tone, and wondered how she could begin. The tolling bell boomed slowly out. For a moment the frivolous, impatient little notes of a wren in the shrubbery could not be heard, then they reappeared, shrill and triumphant, through the dying echoes of that dreadful bell.

Lady Chevenix swallowed.

It is always embarrassing to the conventionalist to be brought close to the very core of Life. She was meaning to be all that was sympathetic and kind; but the quick understanding of the other recognized she was hanging desperately back, longing to escape. Penelope, looking at this woman in her neat, expensive clothes, felt for her a detached kind of pity.

"It is difficult to tell," continued Penelope, turning her face, and not her body, so that her profile was silhouetted against the hard pillow. "It would be easier had you children," she added very wistfully.

Lady Chevenix sat more uprightly in her cane chair. The unutterable injustice of life hit her like a blow in the face. She had money, a well-mannered husband, a charming house, good clothes and famous rose-gardens. To these she clung—but only for want of anything better! All the while her

heart was crying out for the fulness of Penelope's life! How gladly she would have exchanged her smooth massaged skin for the fine, sharp lines round Penelope's lips and eyes, her expensive dresses for Penelope's shabbiness, her bright flower-filled rooms for these mean, bare ones! Yet the world would always think of Mrs. Scott as a brave, splendid woman, and Lady Chevenix as one who chose the softer way.

But this Penelope, with the worn face and brilliant dark eyes, was speaking haltingly, with effort.

"Perhaps you may remember some years ago Rachel fell out of the swing. She broke her arm in two places, and cut her head, poor mite!"

The mother's voice was very tender. She paused a moment.

("Boo—oom!")

Penelope rushed on hurriedly. "It was so necessary to keep her still. She was restless and feverish that first week. You had a dinner party just then. Cuthbert was anxious I should go. He is such a darling, Lady Chevenix. He never thinks of stupid things like clothes and appearances. But I do! when I've time." Penelope smiled apologetically at the elder woman.

"You would never guess, would you, I mind dreadfully coming to the Hall a frump, in my shabby black frock and rubbed suede gloves, and the roughened brown hands inside them, and hearing the servants snigger and forget to help me into my old tweed coat which does for opera cloak as well."

Lady Chevenix half-rose. She was bewildered, aghast, annoyed, all in a breath. This was not decent. Was the poor woman wandering? How her eyes glittered, like dark diamonds!

"Mrs. Scott, I do beg of you—"

"Am I being hard, unkind?" inquired Penelope in that natural, unsophisticated manner which always made her seem so young. "I don't mean to be. But when one is ill, nothing mat-

ters but real things. One must just cut straight through all those muddling little preliminaries that mean nothing, though they do appear to soften words!"

Penelope paused for breath.

("Boo—oom!")

Again the shrill voice of the wren in the shrubbery was obliterated for a moment or two.

Lady Chevenix bent her head a little.

"Rachel had been moved into my room. She watched me dress for your dinner through the chink left in her bandages. Somehow I knew that she knew I hated going shabby and tired. Rachel has always been understanding. I must explain she is my greatest friend as well as my eldest little girl.

"Said Rachel:

"'Of course, mummy darling, you look aw'fly beautiful, but I s'pose your ev'ning frock is a weeny bit queer now.'

"Oh, but black, Rachel, never—

"'Wouldn't it be just lovely, mummy, if someone sented you some aw'fly beautiful flowers as a s'prise. Everybody would look at the flowers and forget the dress. Mummy, do go in the twinnies' room an'—an'—in their water-jug you'll find something.'

"Rachel's voice had tailed suddenly off. I knew she was nearly crying. When I got to the twins' room I found why. In their jug were a canary-colored dahlia, a magenta dahlia, and a scarlet dahlia."

Penelope stopped. Her eyes were so soft it seemed as though they must hold tears.

"Rachel's dahlias," she said at last. "From her own little garden. She had been hoarding them for the children's class in the flower show. Someone was giving a half-crown as a prize. Rachel had felt sure of that half-crown, Lady Chevenix."

Lady Chevenix pressed her hands to-

gether. Her diamond marquise ring glittered in the dark room. She made no sound.

"I pinned them in. If Rachel could have her precious dahlias cut, surely I could wear their scarlet, yellow and magenta over my heart." Then Mrs. Scott raised herself on one elbow. "I will be honest," she admitted fiercely, "I did turn the magenta one in; but Rachel saw, and together we screwed its head well round to the front. And an earwig walked out and began to promenade over my neck. 'Poor mummy! Never mind, I'll pick him off!' cried Rachel."

Now Penelope was lying back again, smiling very faintly, as we smile at some beckoning memory. But Lady Chevenix had blushed an unbecoming red to the very edge of her fringe-net. How well she remembered those dahlias, and her sarcastic comments thereon to a friend.

("Boo—oom!")

It was all the visitor could do not to thrust her fingers in her ears. Her face burned; her heart ached. Vaguely she found herself thinking of that dim landscape she had left outside. The still silver-mauves and blues, the frail, patient trees and the gauzy distances. Surely such a terrible sound must shatter all these. What was Penelope Scott saying?

"The poor lamb! She tried so hard. But that tear would squeeze out. And, of course, I never saw it. I sat by her bed and talked about your dinner-party. The lights reflected in the old black oak walls, and the men-servants with their powdered hair, the sheeny satiny dresses, your diamonds, the long table with the flowers and trailing smilax, and the silver candlesticks and their pink shades, the glittering glasses with golden and crimson wines, and, above all, the little silver *bonbonnières*. That tear had slid down into the bed-clothes, but any moment another might

come, so Rachel talked very fast and shrill.

"Oh, mummy, I see it all; the silver candlesticks and the little pink shades, and everything sparkly and glittery. But I can't *'magine* what the little pink goodies, in their frilly paper cases, in the silver dishes, will look like. Oh, mummy, I *should* love to have a pink goody in a frilly paper case. Not to eat. Just to hold in my hand an' look at, an' blimey to keep in my treasure drawer. Oh, mummy, do give me a pink goody in a little frilly paper case!" And little Rachel began to whimper.

("Boo—oom!")

"Rachel's ideas of goodies are pear-drops and bulls'-eyes, and farthing dumps sticking to each other in those big greenish glass bottles in the post office window, Lady Chevenix. Or halfpenny surprise packets of sugared pop-corn, and *never* any surprise in them! She could not imagine rose and mauve and *eau-de-nil* fondants in little paper cases. They just caught the sick child's fancy. She does so love pretty things. She kept rolling her hot little head about in the pillows crying:

"I want a little pink goody in a frilly paper case! Why don't we ever have pretty things, mummy? Oh, mummy, I do want a pink goody. Oh, mummy, do—do bring me back a pink goody in a little frilly paper case! Why do we never have pretty things, mummy?"

Lady Chevenix had little imagination, but she could not but guess what Penelope had to tell. She longed to save her the pain of confession; she longed to cry out:

"Oh, don't go on! Please don't! What does it matter? I am glad the little girl should have had them!"

She was too shy. Her eyes fastened on the silvery back of a creeper leaf scarcely visible against the white autumn sky. Even as she gazed it loos-

ened, and fell with a delicate little pattering of sound, and lay on the window-sill like a splash of blood.

"She will not help me!" thought Penelope bitterly. "To hear a child moan is a piteous thing, Lady Chevenix," she said aloud; and then her features took on a look of intense suffering as she thought of the still formless possibilities held in the next few days.

("Boo—oom!")

"We are very poor, as you know. My children have always learned to do without. But Rachel had given me her dabbias. She was fretful."

Suddenly the mother raised her head.

"They have always had good and sufficient food and clothing, and each child has a certain sum of money set aside for its future," she declared with defiant eyes, as though the other might be blaming the curate in some way.

The effort seemed to exhaust her.

"Do you mind if I wait a little? I am getting rather out of breath." And pulling a handkerchief from beneath her pillow, she passed it across her upper lip.

There was a pricking behind Lady Chevenix's eyelids. She made desperate attempts to conquer her morbid shyness.

"Is there anything I can do for you? Bring you a glass of water?" she begged, stiffly kind.

Yes; there was something she could do later on, said Penelope's wistful eyes.

And Lady Chevenix in her acute self-consciousness could not bring herself to say more, even to look at the sick woman. Instead her gaze followed the knots in the scrubbed boards, reached the battered wainscot, travelled up to the open window, and there watched the bright leaves of a beech twiddling slowly down against the dim landscape.

Yet had Penelope not been so painfully absorbed, she must have seen

something stirring faintly in this cold-natured woman, just as she had often watched the topmost boughs of a fir tree stir against the sky before the middle branches swayed, and finally the whole tree seemed to break up and shudder into movement.

("Boo—oom!")

"Oh, Mrs. Scott!" cried Lady Chevenix suddenly, "I am sure you have nothing to reproach yourself for! I nothing to forgive! But supposing you have, I forgive whatever it may be. Oh, I do. It is all finished and done with. Rest now, I beg of you."

"Why, you are going to cry? Shall I pretend not to see as I did for Rachel?"

Penelope's tiny flash of fun died as abruptly as it came. "Oh, let me finish quickly," she cried with tears in her own voice. "It was not only that I took several fondants and hid them in my pocket (you see how old my dress must be to boast a pocket!), but I invented a whole conversation for Rachel between you and me. I made you say:

"Now what is your little girl's favorite color?"

"Rachel loves pink best."

"Well, here is a nice pink goody; but I *should* so like her to have a yellow and a mauve, and a green one, too. All in their little frilly paper cases. Will you give them to her with my love? And oh, Mrs. Scott, you must forgive me, but what exquisite flowers those are you are wearing. Where did you buy them. Did you get them down from London?"

Lady Chevenix made a jerky movement. She was embarrassed, deprecatory. She was suffering acutely. She did not know what to do or say. She could only endure. But Penelope had seen her eyes, and she continued a little less shamefully, a little more confident her ultimate request would be granted.

"That dinner party was the first

chapter of a living serial which still goes on. You and I are the heroines!"

Penelope smiled a little apologetically at bracketing herself with Lady Chevenix.

"You send the children each a fondant in a little frilly paper case from all your parties. You send them jolly sorts of messages. And I am always taken in to dinner first because I am so beautiful and witty!"

Slowly Penelope's ivory skin was growing scarlet. She would not meet the other's eyes. She continued in a hard, monotonous voice.

"Till I told you Jimmy made me the bead necklace I wore the other day, you thought it was Egyptian, and very old and valuable."

("Boo—oom!")

"I stole and lied, you see. It all began to make up to Rachel for her dahlia. And then the children took things for granted. And I didn't contradict. And then somehow I—I began to invent! It comforted when life was ugly and the coal-bill big, and Sally kept on breaking cups and vegetable dishes, and boots wore out, and the children's stocking always wanted mending, and all the potatoes looked rosy and soapy! You can't think how depressing frost-bitten potatoes can be day after day."

Lady Chevenix had not sufficient imagination to understand Penelope's funny little excuses and reasons, but with an awkward gesture she took the hand of the curate's wife in her own. If she knew what to do or to say! If she could break down her cold, stupid shyness! She could only endure the moments as they passed, striving to shut her ears to that dreadful bell.

"Hasn't it broadened, and got hard and brown and ugly," laughed Penelope a little hysterically, as she looked at her hand lying in the other's white and diamonded fingers. "And they used to say I had pretty hands! But lifting

heavy saucepans off the fire, and pushing perambulators soon spoils hands. Perhaps it was these ugly hands that first set my imagination spinning!"

("Boo—oom!")

Slowly, very slowly, Lady Chevenix was realizing that when the ordinary woman is denied a reasonable amount of beauty and frivolity in life she is bound to fashion it for herself somehow—somewhere.

"If I had guessed—if I had thought."

"Oh, you mustn't pity me!" cried Penelope, with sudden brilliant little lights coruscating in her dark eyes. "Cuthbert and the babies are worth far more than white hands and proper clothes. I've had the sweets of life all right. It was only, like Rachel, I wanted them in 'little frilly paper cases.'"

"Forgive a childless woman for her thoughtlessness—for—for snubs. I—I don't know what to say—I was jealous."

It was out; and with characteristic generosity Penelope pressed on as though she had not even heard.

"If what might happen did happen, never let Rachel and her little brothers and sisters guess I lied to them. You see, Rachel is such a polite little girl. She always wanted to thank you! I—I had to tell her you were shy, and would rather not be thanked."

Penelope was coloring painfully again; and now, as she fixed her pleading eyes on her visitor, Lady Chevenix remembered the eager look on Rachel's little face, the subsequent determined pressure of her lips!

"Rachel loves you—"

Lady Chevenix reddened.

"To her dying day she will never forget her first pink goody in the little frilly paper case. She always prays for 'the kind lady.'"

"She does? She prays for me?"

There was a curious little smile about the other's mouth. In that

piercingly sweet moment she even forgot she had never sent the goody.

"I should not like my babies to find out their mother was a liar. You are being kind—kinder far than I deserve. Oh, let them think you sent those fondants! And never let them know their mother was shabby and shy and of no account! I invented so much. It didn't seem any harm then. I was always remembering little incidents and compliments and things. And now I don't want my babies to find out, oh, I don't—"

The curate's wife had shut her eyes, and from beneath her closed lids the bright tears were squeezing slowly out.

"I am going to kiss you, if you will let me," said Lady Chevenix in a stilly voice. "And do you know I would give all—yes, all I have, to steal goodies for my little children."

"The babies! They shall never know their mother told stories, and was shabby and shy, and didn't know what to talk about."

"Never know! Never know! And by-and-bye I shall meet that little black-haired Rachel, with the little white, dear neck, and the direct eyes, and the long sunburnt legs so gay with old bruises." Lady Chevenix was half-laughing, half-crying as she leaned over the bed. "And I shall say to her, 'There is such a big box of those sweets in the little frilly paper cases up at the Hall. Will you come and have tea, and fetch them?'"

Penelope lifted her flushed, wet face from the pillow. Her hair was very rough. She was still ashamed, yet all at once came little fine creases of laughter about her eyes.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

"And Rachel will say, 'How exceedingly kind of you, Lady Chevenix, but might one of the children come instead? I'm afraid I must give Tony his bottle now mummy's ill. Sally might not wash it *quite* clean, you see; or give it at the *exact* time, and it is so important a baby should be fed to the minute.'"

"Then I shall say, 'But don't you know you and all the others are coming to stay with me for the little while mummy is ill. And there is a whole family of orange Persian kittens in the housekeeper's room. And mummy will soon be well again.'"

The passing bell had ceased. Instead, a thrush on the topmost bough of the deodar flung loudest, most triumphant notes down into the little garden. And now the bird and the bough, high against the sky, were visibly taking on a sharper, darker outline, for behind them the westering sun was penetrating through those barred silvery clouds. Its radiance streamed in at the window, till Penelope saw the lovely crowding leaves of the creeper gleamed transparent rose, and that each of her long black plaits were touched with rusty light.

A tiny breeze set the red leaves whispering hoarsely all up the wall. The blight, blue and dim, that had lain all afternoon upon the land was lifting and changing into dusty gold. The spell was broken. Earth breathed sweetly and naturally again.

"Mummy will soon be well again," repeated Lady Chevenix; and as the eyes of the two women suddenly met in a long look, both knew the words to be prophetic.

Rosamond Napier.

THE DISINTEGRATION OF EUROPE.

It is a sound prejudice which has taught us to think of the use of historical parallels as a scarcely respectable device in political controversy. It is a method by which the adroit partisan can cloak a slipshod diagnosis with a show of erudition. It serves too often as an appeal to hereditary passions, a summons to the latent memories of strife and emulation which we inherited with our blood and absorbed uncritically from our school books. Yet, deep down in the thinking of most educated Englishmen who have watched the troubled evolution of the Anglo-German rivalry, there lurks the conviction that it is in some sense a repetition of the chapters of history which take their name from Louis XIV. and the first Napoleon. Germany has changed rôles with France, but we are still what we have always been, the defender of European liberties, the adversary of the aggressive empire, and the custodian of the Continental balance of power. There can rarely have been an abuse of parallels so humorously fantastic. The difficulty is rather to find a single point of identity, unless it be in the wild and passionate alarms which now, as then, invade public opinion. A personality so colossal that it dominated the civilized world, a power which seized thrones and disposed of peoples, a delight in warfare which made it the normal state of nations, a ruthlessness which devastated provinces, and a genius which could affect sublimity even in defeat—where is the similarity to the one European Power which has made no substantial addition to her territory in a generation, has kept the peace while Britain, Russia, and the United States have been at war, and entrusted her affairs to statesmen whose tenure is as brief as their talents are medi-

ocre? In those colossal struggles a Europe was created. The achievement of William of Orange was that he made Europe, and of Pitt that he restored it. The salient, the disastrous, characteristic of our own time has been that the very idea of Europe, and all that it signifies in public law and a respect for treaties and the collective conscience behind them, has all but disappeared from the common life of peoples. That inference from the Italian adventure in Tripoli lies so clearly on the surface that commentators of all schools have drawn it, some with regret, and some with cynicism, but all with frankness. Italy has acted from the same complex mixture of interested appetites and popular ambition which has gradually subjected the entire North African coast to European authority. But she has shown in her attack upon a Power which had given her neither excuse nor provocation a disregard of international morality that marks an epoch in European history, and inaugurates a period of naked force. The explanation of this outrage can hardly be in doubt. It is a consequence, and an almost inevitable consequence, of the disintegration of Europe which the Anglo-German rivalry has brought about.

It is the paradoxical consequence of this struggle to maintain a balance of power that, instead of producing stability, it does in fact remove the checks which normally preserve the *status quo*. There is no security for any nation which has omitted to place herself unreservedly beneath the protection of one protagonist or the other. If Turkey had continued the decidedly Anglophil policy which she followed while Kiamil Pasha was Vizier, it is improbable that Italy would have dared to meditate her aggression, and certain

that Sir Edward Grey would have extended to her a protection as unreserved as he gave to her in the Bosnian crisis and much more effective, inasmuch as sea power alone would have availed to enforce it. Or, again, if Turkey had adopted the other alternative, and had become in form what perhaps she was becoming in sentiment and intention, a member of the Triple Alliance, it is equally clear that Germany must have protected her. Her misfortune has been that in a period of chronic division in Europe she belongs unequivocally to neither group. She has no ally to back her, and to be without an ally is to be to-day beyond the pale of public law. The advertisement will not be lost either upon Turkey or upon other States which remain outside the two dominant camps. What Italy has done to-day another Power may do to-morrow, and peoples which have sought in the past security in a scrupulous and inoffensive neutrality, will seek it to-morrow by entering one or other of the fortified rings. From the European standpoint no condition could well be more dangerous; from the standpoint of the protagonists no rivalry could well be more infertile. For if anything is more obvious than the costliness and danger of this rivalry to Britain and Germany alike, it is its total barrenness of profit. The Powers which extract advantage from it are the Powers whose friendship the two protagonists must buy. France has obtained Morocco; Austria has secured her position in Bosnia and Herzegovina; Italy is taking Tripoli; and Russia, defeated abroad and shaken at home, has kept her hold on the French Money Market, obtained an entry in the City, effected a re-insurance with Germany, and acquired what is little less than a title of possession over the greater part of Persia. The end of this process is not yet. It remains to be seen whether Turkey will emerge

from the storm without the jettison of some further trifles of her cargo; and before the Moroccan episode is closed, the appetites of Spain must in some degree be satisfied. One wonders in Omar's phrase what these Powers can buy one-half so precious as the stuff they sell. If in this age of real politics the statesmen of Britain and Germany were asked to render a concrete account of the advantages they have extracted from the long unrest of which their rivalries and armaments have been the single cause, they could show to balance all the millions which the armorers have gathered, nothing on the one side but a beggarly advantage in Southern Persia which has added nothing to our natural monopoly of its markets, and nothing on the other save the probable acquisition of a strip of West African territory. Each Power sees the other in fancy as a Colossus which seeks to bestride the globe, and nothing in fact results from their obsession save the heaping of burdens on their own taxpayers and the aggrandisement of every other State whose neutrality or alliance they must buy. To dignify this process by the name of an effort to maintain a balance of power is a ludicrous flattery. There is no balance possible in modern Europe, save in the association of all the Powers in an equal concert. Under the whole interplay of forces there runs no principle more intelligent than a feud of two Powers, which we shall one day come to regard as a folly no more defensible than our long antagonism to Russia.

A critic who should come forward with some simple formula for the remedy of this complex of evils would betray only his own imperfect perception of their gravity. We have reached a stage of disintegration when even a formal alliance is no guarantee of ordinary friendship. The action of Italy has revealed the possibility of fissures

within the Triple Alliance as profound as the gulfs, which yawn outside it. It is not by such artificial bonds, based on the military idea, that the broken texture of European relationships can be re-knit. When the apologists of the Italian adventure hint that she went to Tripoli because she seriously believed that had she not done so her ally, the Kaiser, would have forestalled her by himself despoiling his *protégés*, the young Turks, of their undefended province, we refuse to believe that we have reached a fact. But undoubtedly we have uncovered a depth of perfidious suspicion which exposes the abysmal falsity on which international relations rest. The English fear that, without our unrestrained and risky championship, France might have, in effect, abandoned her ties to us and joined a German system of friendships from which we were excluded, opens a prospect into the same underworld of bad faith and apprehension. By the methods which all European diplomacy is pursuing, there is attainable neither balance for the whole nor security for any single Power. No State escapes the universal beggary, and the States which bear the heaviest burdens extract the least advantage from their sacrifices.

The first stake towards the recovery of a saner outlook is to face the facts. Such an impartial survey of recent history as Mr. Lucien Wolff contributes to the "Fortnightly Review" should make for a revision of judgments. Only a heated partisan could affect to think the conduct of either group throughout the Moroccan period either proper or adroit. Britain and France made the first inroad upon the conception of European solidarity when they assumed the right to dispose of Morocco without the consent of other Powers. France put herself, with our con-

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sent, yet more decidedly in the wrong when by successive stages, culminating in the march on Fez, she used her carefully limited mandate in Morocco as a title which authorized an effective occupation. It is a matter of temperament whether one thinks more severely of these conventional offences, or of such dramatic and heavy-handed blows as the Kaiser's Tangier speech and the "Panther's" journey to Agadir. But to the cool spectator, perhaps the most startling reflection which emerges from such a survey is the conviction that the antagonisms on which it proceeds are of recent date, and are so little inevitable that no one of the three Powers concerned believes them to be permanent. France sought to arrange her seizure of Morocco with Germany, before she concerted with us. We sought an *entente* with Germany on a Chinese basis before we turned to France. At each crisis of the struggle our action has been governed by the fear lest Germany should succeed in drawing France within the orbit of her diplomacy. To each Power any other combination seems possible, save only an arrangement so comprehensive as to enable all of them to live in harmony. The way of escape from a situation at once so ruinous and so artificial is likely to be found in the end only in some movement of clear-sighted disgust which will end the unfruitful rivalry in some conclusion as illogical as its premises. The issue of this struggle will not be a stable balance of power. It will not be the crushing of one rival by the other, unless indeed against all the probabilities it were to end in war. The sole hope of an end lies in an insurrection of reasonable men in one nation or in both, bent on willing—for only the will is needed—that it shall forthwith have an end.

THE MANCHU DYNASTY AND THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

The outbreak of rebellion in the Yangtze Valley has been sudden and startling, but it is only the intensified expression of a movement visible ever since the totally unexpected collapse of the Chinese power in the war with Japan in 1894. This is not only a reform movement, though it is organized by advanced reformers trained in the learning of the West; it is a struggle, speaking broadly, of the Chinese people against the Manchu dynasty, which represents a small and dwindling minority of the whole population of the Empire, but stands for and upholds administrative corruption, incompetence, and misrule. This dynasty, representing a race called in, like the Saxons in Britain, to restore order among the Chinese people, established itself in 1644 on the Imperial throne on the failure of heirs to the native monarchy, and gradually, as is the way with ruling houses, became effete. Throughout the nineteenth century it furnished no ruler who was competent for his task; the Imperial Palace became a centre of corruption and misgovernment, and the provinces were left undeveloped and drained of their revenue for the benefit of Manchu rulers or their creatures, and for the clique of Manchus and their adherents at Peking. From this system sprang the Taiping rebellion of the 'fifties of the last century; but meanwhile and subsequently the various conflicts with European Powers, in which China was always defeated and often ruthlessly plundered, gave a series of bitter blows to the national pride. The disasters in Tongking were succeeded by the humiliating war with Japan, and by a period of European competition for spheres of influence and railway concessions, during which it was freely said that the partition of China had be-

gun. Along with this came a reform movement, headed by Kuang Yu Wei, and promoted by a number of young Chinese, which was supported by the boy Emperor. It culminated in a plot against the Empress Dowager, and was crushed by her with the aid of Yuan Shih Kai, who now appears as the saviour of the established order once more. The popular unrest which had supported the reform movement was diverted into the anti-foreign movement. This found its expression in the Boxer rising, and led to a foreign intervention, which humbled China and disgraced Europe. The intervention, however, effectually dispelled any ideas of the partition of China by exhibiting the jealousies between the intervening Powers; and so China was once more left to work out her own salvation under a dynasty representing perhaps one per cent. of the population in China proper and five per cent. in Manchuria, where its race has gradually been overlaid with Chinese immigrants, and, as in China, is threatened with eventual extinction or absorption.

In this new era, however, the reform movement has taken a new departure, with the ostensible approval and encouragement of the Central Government. A Commission was sent abroad in 1905 to study foreign political systems. Constitutional Government was promised in 1906 by an Imperial Edict, though it was to be preceded by administrative and legal reforms, which have been to some extent carried out; a Consultative Central Assembly and Provincial Assemblies were established last year, a proper Budget is promised for 1912, and a Parliament for 1913. But these latter are only promises, and the more advanced reformers evidently have no confidence in them. What they demand is representative govern-

ment, which will preserve the rights and claims of the provinces—between which there are differences as strongly marked as those between the States of any Federation—and will give the Chinese nation its full weight in the government of the Empire. At present, in spite of the inchoate reforms above mentioned, there is still the conflict between the Central Government and provincial interests, the drain of revenue to Peking, and, as a necessary consequence, local and central corruption. Coupled with this demand for provincial and popular rights is a marked jealousy of foreign influence. This is seen in the "rights recovery" movement, which is a Nationalist reaction against the wholesale grants of concessions to foreigners which marked the period of impending partition. The railways may be made by foreign capital, but they are not to be subject to any lien in favor of foreign capitalists; they are to belong to the provincial authorities, and the interest due to foreign investors is to be secured on the general revenues of the province. Similarly, mining concessions have been repurchased by the local authorities from European holders. China, in short, is for the Chinese. We have frequently warned European investors of this movement, and of the risk attaching to capital subscribed under such conditions without competent supervision or real accountability.

The local spirit was strongly manifested against the foreign loan for the railway through the adjacent province of Szechuan only a month ago; but it has not been the motive power in the present revolt. One contributory cause of this latter has undoubtedly been the suffering caused by the recent floods, followed by famine. But there have been symptoms of revolt all over the empire for some years—abortive outbreaks in these very provinces in 1907, in these and others in 1910,

and in the spring of this present year in Canton. The occasion of the present outbreak, this tremendous uprising, which has already won sensational successes, was the discovery of a bomb factory and the execution of four leading revolutionists, coupled, apparently, with discontent among the troops in the region with their officers; and the circumstances suggest that the outbreak was premature. But it has been cleverly prepared for by Sun Yat Sen, who represents the Young China which is now absorbing Western learning in Japan, the United States, and Europe. A few years ago there were 13,000 Chinese students in Japan; the number probably has not diminished, and certain incidents in connection with the railway projects have shown that they keep up a keen interest during their absence in home politics, and endeavor to exercise an influence on them. Sun Yat Sen seems to have created an efficient revolutionary organization throughout China; he has obtained large subscriptions from the Chinese merchants at Singapore, San Francisco, and elsewhere, who, like Irishmen, are often far more prosperous abroad than at home; and he has the sympathy, it would seem, of the European residents in China. His plan is stated to be a Federal Republic; and that may well prove the form of government marked out for a regenerated China; for differences of manners, of interests, and of dialect have always told heavily against the centralization aimed at by the Manchu Government. And it is eminently significant that the leader desired by the Government for its troops is Yuan Shih Kai, who has been a great success as an administrator, and is a promoter of the new spirit and of gradual constitutional reform, while his abrupt dismissal early in 1909 for personal reasons by the Regent has probably not increased his loyalty to the Man-

chu rule, which he has done much to preserve. Moreover, it seems very improbable that the modern troops which he has taken so large a share in creating are free from the kind of nationalism and modernism which inspire the Young Turks.

In any case, therefore, the cause of reform is likely to triumph; but, though the movement is Nationalist and anti-Manchu, it seems tolerably clear that it is not anti-European. It is guided by highly edu-

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cated leaders, who have issued the most stringent orders that foreigners shall be left unharmed; and, as a German paper has pointed out, the Chinese merchants abroad would hardly have subscribed largely to a movement threatening the foreign trade of their country. Again, there could be no heavier blow to the hopes of the reformers than a foreign intervention. So Nationalism may act as a protection, not as a danger, to the foreign residents in China.

CRIMINAL SPELLING CLASSES.

Nothing is more ridiculous and unpleasant than the pretences at simplicity of an old and over-civilized era. It is like the efforts of an elderly person to prattle in childhood's accents—a truly disgusting spectacle. At one moment it is the simple life which is in vogue. The butter-making of Marie Antoinette and her ladies at the Petit Trianon had a certain naïveté and charm—both the eighteenth century artificiality and the affectation of escaping from it were pretty and artistic. So was all the shepherdess and maison-ornée business of the Georgian fashionables. But for the modern City man or smartly-gowned week-ender to play at simple-living pranks is an intolerable folly.

Yet if we were all to walk about in brown holland, subsist on carrots and marry our daughters to the policeman or the 'bus-conductor, it would not much matter. Whereas to "simplify" the English language in the way certain faddy professors and professional cranks desire would be a crime of sickening magnitude. The theft of a thousand La Glocondas would be nothing to it. Last week the Simplified Spelling Conference, representing the American Simplified Spelling Board and the

English Simplified Spelling Society, began a series of meetings at University College. The newspapers tell us that a good deal of the written language of this country has so far been spared, but that "the preliminary inaction of the Conference is recognized as having a sinister meaning." What this forebodes we have no idea; but we consider these silly and mischievous people to be quite as dangerous as political anarchists, and would suggest the suppression of their meetings by a police-raid. The transatlantic undesirables should be at once deported. America has done enough harm to the English language as it is without making us write "nu" for "knew," "korf" for "cough," or "piktzher" for "picture." They do it wrong, being so majestic, to offer it the show of violence (or sho ov vierlunz).

It has been calculated that the citizens of the United States save forty thousand dollars a year by writing armor for armour and savior for saviour. We are promised a far larger financial gain if the whole Anglo-Saxon world will agree to write kum and gawn (or is it gorn?) for come and gone, seeing that all mankind would then so admire the re-modelled tongue

of Englishmen that it would shortly become the language of the race, with great benefit to trade. Humanity talking and writing pidgin English would be the far-off divine event to which the whole creation has all along been moving. How much more sensible and comprehensible to write *lun* instead of *iron*, *dam* instead of *damn*, *prapz* instead of *perhaps*, and *soshul* instead of *social*! Professor Rippman says that "a complete scheme for simplified spelling has been drawn up from a basis of proposals worked out by Mr. William Archer." Large funds are forthcoming, a battalion of professors seems to be mobilized, and an active campaign, conducted by means of lectures and press articles, is to be launched in the autumn—which we suppose will be known in future as the *ortum*. And there is to be a tremendous effort to capture the poor little bairns in the elementary schools. There are children who are trained from infancy to steal and do evil. But here will be several millions of lads and lasses being brought up under these new criminal classes to murder and mutilate their mother tongue. Since the massacre of the innocents such a crime against childhood will not have been perpetrated.

Words, it is asserted, should be spelled as they are pronounced. But pronounced by whom? The Council school child talks about a *lidy* and a *hevenink* piper; also about *farver* and *muvver*. The will of the people at the polls is largely expressed by intelligent voters who say "*abaht*" and "*oliday*." Some members of an effete aristocracy omit the "*g*" in words ending with "*ing*." In the Midlands, on the other hand, such "*g*'s" are pronounced hard—e.g. both the "*g*'s" in "*singing*." Again, even now a number of dialectical variations survive, many of them highly interesting and valuable. Thus, old-fashioned Lincolnshire peo-

ple call a miller a *milner*, so preserving the "*n*" which used to be at the end of "*mill*" (*milne*, cf. *moulin*). Thousands of such cases will occur to the folklorist. Are they all to be ignorantly effaced by the efforts of an Americo-cockney Conference which probably pronounces "*girl*" as "*gurl*" and sounds the "*t*" in "*often*." By the bye, the alternative spelling of that word, when phoneticised, will have to be "*orphan*."

Every language is a storehouse of history and poetic association. We mentioned just now the "*ortum*." But "*autumn*," and still more "*auctumnal*," at once gives the derivation from "*auct*," that which increases. The very difficulties of orthography are instructive. Thus the *-ow*, *-of* and *-ough* (or *-augh*) words—*plough*, *dough*, *trough*, *daughter*, *laughter*, and so forth—point to that digamma which is now on the point of extinction in almost all languages. These words were originally all pronounced alike, as they are still in local dialect. The "*r*" sound of "*u*" is curiously preserved in the English pronunciation of "*lieutenant*." For England to allow these and a myriad of like distinctions to be effaced by the steam-roller of democratic philistinism would be like a noble tearing up his pedigree, cutting down all his secular oaks and immemorial elms, burning his priceless pictures and furniture, and offering his lordly demesne in eligible building lots. It would be a reversal of all culture, and a lapse into the barbarism of Huns and Goths. Barnes, the Wessex poet-priest, once issued, if we remember rightly, a copy of the Gospels in the Dorset dialect; and the effect was far from irreverent. But imagine the Holy Scriptures printed phonetically! It is absurd to say that this is all a matter of custom and sentimental association. It might as well be argued that an Albert Parade lodging-house in the best Mid-Victorian "Queen Anne" style will some day

by weathering really come to look as though it had been designed at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

When people try to be amusing by the use of phonetic spelling, the effect is dismal. Artemas Ward is the only writer who ever made it really funny. Again, it is a complete mistake to represent uneducated folk or children as spelling phonetically when they try to spell naturally. They do nothing of the sort. Their spelling is often imaginative and curious, but a footman does not write, "I thort the onnerable Mister Jorge ad gawn hout." As for the spelling of our forefathers, before the Tudor period it was a bow drawn at a venture, and words came out as God pleased, though with a certain regard to etymology. Under Elizabeth and the earlier Stuarts orthography was picturesque and altogether delightful, especially in its freedom from pedantic adherence to consistency—in one verse of the 1611 Authorized Version the word "egg" is printed both as "eg" and as "eggge." Job, by the bye, in the same edition, is said to suffer from "biles." Modern woodenness and the

The Saturday Review.

levelling instinct would not tolerate nowadays any such rich variety and freedom. But if our tongue is stereotyped it is still a noble and glorious product of many centuries of effort after beauty and truth. For language is the highest of the arts.

As for the miserable utilitarian plea that the time and pain of children at school would be saved by their learning English in this ludicrous and loathsome disguise, it is to our mind an added condemnation of the phonetic craze. "Learning without tears"—that is to say, without trouble, industry and the application of the mind—is no learning at all. No pains, no gains, says the by-word. Learning to spell phonetically would be a mere mechanical treadmill. But for the exercise of intelligence and for drawing out the feeling of joy in the beautiful there is no such instrument in the world as the acquisition of a real literary language. Language was God's gift to man in Eden. Is its fragrance and exquisite structure to be now filched from the race by a coterie of busybodies and nobodies?

THINKING AND READING.

The Archbishop of York in the course of an address which he delivered at Blackburn last Sunday laid his finger upon a widely current illusion. He said that, although most people to-day were able to read, he doubted whether the number able to think and read had not diminished. No mistake indeed is more general than to believe that because a man reads a great deal he is necessarily a profound thinker. Uneducated people have always had a superstitious reverence for "book-larning," but it is at best a shallow philanthropy which believes that for the improvement of the human mind all that

is needed is a reader's ticket for the local free library. The mere accumulation of knowledge is not the smallest guarantee of intelligence, and may even be a hindrance to its development. (The fact is that reading is often an anodyne to lull reason to sleep.) It may even become the last refuge of laziness. And this is true not only of the superficial mind that skims over innumerable newspapers and novels and memoirs, but also of the most erudite specialist. The student of philosophy, for instance, by ploughing through the works of Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer and a score of other

metaphysicians, generally succeeds only in providing himself with an inexhaustible collection of the half-digested opinions of other people which will save him the trouble of ever forming any of his own. The book-worm has always been recognized as being quite incompetent in practical affairs, but it has been forgotten that he is usually stupid intellectually into the bargain.

The point is brought out excellently in the old story of Southey and the Quaker. Southey, in a moment of self-satisfaction, was describing to his friend the ceaseless intellectual activity of his daily life, how every single moment of it was devoted to some strenuous form of study, how he learnt Portuguese while he was shaving and the higher mathematics in his bath, so that not a second should be wasted. After every hour in the twenty-four had been in some such way accounted for, there came a pause. "And, friend," asked the Quaker softly, "when dost thee think?" Most people, it is to be feared, would be tripped up by this searching question. And how extremely few could honestly reply to it with a simple, "When I am reading"! With talking, on the other hand, the case is different. For if reading acts upon thought as a sedative, talking is a stimulant. Ten minutes of argument with Socrates would do more to clear up one's mind than many hours spent among the best authors. The merciless criticism of an antagonist in the flesh will pick holes in our inferences and show that our assumptions are only prejudices, and will do this in so provocative a manner that we can hardly avoid reforming them. But if our opponent is only a page of paper and ink, what can be easier than to succumb to our complacency and slackness and to skim on indolently to the next chapter?

But when all these drawbacks to reading have been recognized, it would

be an obvious exaggeration to declare that the world would be better without books. And it would be impossible to consider the Emperor Shi Hwang-ti as anything but a criminal, even if his motive in destroying every book in China had been an altruistic desire to promote clear thinking, and not (as was in fact the case) mere egomania. For instance, although art and philosophy could exist in an illiterate world, it is clear that science could not, since it depends on the accumulation of knowledge, which, as we have seen, is one of the principal functions of books. Books, then, are necessary; but even here we must hesitate. How many books are necessary? We can do no better than quote from the brilliant and thought-compelling speech made by Lord Rosebery when he opened the new Mitchell Library in Glasgow, which contains 180,000 volumes:—

I know [he said] I ought to feel elated at the fact that there is this number of books compressed within these walls, and that a number of the people will take advantage of them and read them. I ought to, but I do not. I feel an intense depression at this enormous mass of books, this cemetery of books, because, after all, most of them are dead. I should like to ask Mr. Barrett, in all his experience, how many really living books there are in all the Mitchell Library, how many inevitable books there are, time-proof books—I should rather call them weather-proof books—in all the Mitchell Library. You have told me it had 180,000 books. This morning I asked him if there were not 100,000 that nobody ever asked for. He declined, diplomatically, to reply; but if it be true that the percentage of living books be exceedingly small—and I am afraid we must all agree that it is very small—we cannot test the life of a book till after two or three generations have passed. If the number of living books is exceedingly small in proportion to the whole, what a huge cemetery of dead books, or books half alive, is represented by a great library like this! Of course some

of them are absolutely dead books no human being out of a mad-house would ask for. Some are semi-living. Some strayed reveller or wandering student may ask for them at some heedless or too curious moment. The depressing thought to me in entering a great library of that kind is that in the main most of the books are dead. They shrug their barren backs at you, appealing, as it were, for someone to come and take them down and rescue them from the passive collection of dust and neglect into which most of them have deservedly fallen.

The same feeling of horror at the thought of the number of dead books which silt up in such terrifying masses in every library is expressed by a most amusing passage in Lowell's "Fable for Critics":—

I've thought very often 'twould be a
good thing
In all public collections of books, if a
wing

The Spectator.

Were set off by itself, like the seas
from the dry lands,
Marked *Literature suited to desolate
islands*,

And filled with such books as could
never be read

Save by readers of proofs, forced to do
it for bread—

Such books as one's wrecked on in
small country taverns,

Such as hermits might mortify over in
caverns,

Such as Satan, if printing had then
been invented,

As the climax of woe would to Job
have presented,

Such as Crusoe might dip in, although
there are few so

Outrageously cornered by fate as poor
Crusoe.

To be a reader of such books as these
would be indeed a horrible fate. But
there is undoubtedly a worse one, and
that is to be their author.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Funk & Wagnalls Company publishes a new edition of Florence Morse Kingsley's little sketch "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura" which was first published ten years ago. The present edition is embellished with four illustrations in color by Ethel Penne-will Brown and has decorative margins.

The latest addition to the Macmillan anthologies, "The Friendship of Books," edited, with an Introduction, by Temple Scott, is one of the most beguiling; for it is made up of words in praise of books, in prose and verse, from writers old and new,—from St. Augustine and Petrarch and Milton down to Andrew Lang and Stevenson. The selections are grouped in six divisions, "Friends at Home," "Inspirers of the Heart," etc., but book-lovers will hardly observe these divisions but will

browse through the dainty volume anywhere.

Young readers who do not weary of the stirring and romantic tales of chivalry will take delight in Miss Eva March Tappan's new volume "When Knights were Bold" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). The book is a square octavo, printed in large type, with luxuriously wide margins, and decorated with scores of pictures. Miss Tappan does not attempt to retell the old tales, nor to give a history of the old days of romance; but she gives such details of the life which went on in the castles and manors, upon the road and in the field, that young readers will be able, through their imaginations to reconstruct for themselves the outlines at least of mediæval history.

The joy of guessing charades is peculiar in this, that it may be the diver-

sion of solitude or it may be shared with friends. The little volume of "Charades by an Idle Man" which Little, Brown & Co., publish contains one hundred cleverly versified charades, constructed, as the author admits in his preface, on the phonetic plan, "with considerable insurgence in syllabic division" but ingenious enough to appeal to other more or less idle men and women who like to sharpen their wits by working out such gay and tricky problems. The author is kind enough to furnish a "Key" to the charades which, while it may be useful for purposes of verification, is otherwise as baffling as the charades themselves.

Professor Francis Greenwood Peabody's "College Chapel Series," presenting selections from brief talks and more formal sermons delivered in Appleton Chapel during twenty years, is brought to a conclusion by a volume entitled "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). This contains sixteen full-sized sermons, which vary in theme but are alike in the spirit in which they treat of the problems of life and thought as they present themselves to young men. But, while directed originally to young men, it would be a pity if it were assumed that they have only a limited scope or message. They are hopeful, wise, earnest and appealing. They deal with eternal truths and preach a gospel of no narrow interpretation. But their message is not at all that of the "Soft Church,"—to borrow the preacher's own phrase. They are virile and inspiring, and they embody and enforce a latter-day Puritanism which is nowhere better defined than in the concluding discourse, which was preached at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard College.

The "race-problem" is to the fore in the fiction of to-day, and Perceval Gib-

bon's contribution to it will be eagerly read by readers who recall the extraordinary realism and power of his "Vrouw Groubelaar" stories, and have seen his versatility displayed, more recently, in the series in which "Miss Gregory" is the principal figure. It is in South Africa, again, that the scene of "The Flower o' the Peach" is laid, and the central character is a young Kaffir, who has received in England the advantages of the best possible medical education and returns to his own country eager to use it for the service of his race, only to find himself a hopeless outcast, looked on by the whites as an upstart and scorned even more by his own people. The real *crux* of the situation comes, as in Sir Hugh Clifford's "Sally," "The Broken Road" of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and so many other sombre variations of this sad theme, with his friendship for a white woman. Mr. Gibbon proffers no solution of the ever-pressing problem, but its presentation by a writer so thoroughly competent to treat it from at least one point of view cannot fail to be suggestive. The Century Co.

"The Quakers in the American Colonies," by Rufus Jones, is distinctly impartial in its attitude toward religion, although sympathetically interpretative. It is eminently scholarly in every respect. The importance of the Quakers in the Colonies has been hardly realized, though they were prominent not only in Pennsylvania, their least restricted sphere of action, but in New England, New York, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and New Jersey. The larger territory more or less under Quaker influences was secured through great missionary zeal, in spite of hostile laws and persecutions, notably in New England. It was held through a well-developed organization, which demanded frequent central meetings in larger districts.

Closely knit together by these conventions, the Quakers were kept in touch with the Friends in England by an interchange of visits remarkable for that time. Quakerism was a unit. In this fact lay its early strength and later weakness. At first a distinct body, select, believing that it possessed the true Principle, but zealous to carry the "seed," it grew into a narrow company, holding tenets which had lost much of their vitality. Not only through the growing formality of their faith but by their gradual withdrawal from public life, the Quakers lost an opportunity never to be regained. The early years of geographical expansion were marked by the growth of many advanced and liberal ideas. The insistence upon present and continued revelation of God to every man met a religious need. The Quakers early censured slavery and forbade it in the society. Of course, too, the liberal government of Penn became the basis of the American experiment. But "the real power of Quakerism lay in the quality of life produced in the rank and file of its membership." The author of this valuable study is Professor of Philosophy at Haverford. President Sharpless of the same college contributes the section on Pennsylvania, and Amelia Gummere that on the Quakers in New Jersey. The book is detailed, thorough, documentary and illuminating. The Macmillan Co.

The "Life of George Cabot Lodge" by Henry Adams, and Mr. Lodge's "Poems and Dramas" in two volumes appear simultaneously from the press of Houghton Mifflin Company. It is well that they should go out together, for the Life furnishes the key to the verse and both serve to deepen the regret that a career so full of promise, a life so manly and already so fruitful should have been cut short by death at the age of thirty-six. Mr. Roosevelt, who writes an Introduction to the Poems, says of Mr. Lodge that

"Of all the men with whom I have been intimately thrown he is the man to whom I would apply the rare name of genius." This sounds like extreme praise, but whoever reads these poems and acquaints himself with Mr. Adams's brief but discriminating outline of the poet's life will find much to justify it. Both in form and spirit there was a wide range in Mr. Lodge's verse. He had an extraordinary power of expression and a command of various forms of verse. He could turn sonnets deftly, and enjoyed that by no means easy art; he was a master of noble and stately verse; and, when he pleased, he could write verse of a lyrical quality which almost sang itself. Yet he never sought expression for expression's sake; and he never yielded to the temptation to seek popularity by lowering the level of his verse. Much of his dramatic writing was imbued with the Greek spirit and followed Greek forms; and in all of it he dealt unhesitatingly and sincerely with the gravest problems. It is the fashion of the day to belittle contemporary poetry and there are some who question whether the love of poetry is not on the way to becoming extinct. It would be idle to predict how long any contemporary verse may survive; but it may be said without exaggeration that very little poetry of the last twenty-five years so well deserves to live as the best of Mr. Lodge's verse. "Herakles," his longest and most ambitious work, was published only a few months before his death, and there are letters included in the brief memoir which throw light upon the mood in which he worked upon it, and the seriousness of his purpose. One of the most touching of these is his letter in reply to the appreciation of a friend. One wish many readers are certain to feel,—that a portrait of the poet might have been given either in the Life or in the volumes of his writings.